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P L A G I A R I S M.

BY A. MITCHELL.

‘Show that your pigs are fat, not what they are fed upon,’ we believe is an old Greek adage. From it we infer that butchers in old times were not what they are now-a-days. The great skill and keen analytical powers of butchers of the present day render utterly futile all attempts to conceal what fat swine are fed upon; the dissecting-knife is remorselessly thrust into them, and all the secrets of their organization are at once laid bare. Other animals are by no means exempt from the same fate. Unusual fatness in any animal at once provokes a disposition to cut him up, and discover what sort of food he has been fed upon. Using fat hogs as a figure of speech for popular authors, (although there would be no figure of speech in comparing some of them to both fat and lean hogs—the great Caledonian boar, James Hogg, is one instance; the great English bore, Dr. Johnson, another,) they are particularly exposed to the butcher-knife of the critic. They are, in fact, in danger of being twice *stuck*—once by the publisher, and again by the critic. Human nature is such that we cannot brook superiority with patience, and, of course, in all ages of the world excellence of every kind has always been subjected to a severe ordeal of criticism. But critics, in the time of the ancient Greeks, had not attained that point of skill and acuteness to which they have since arrived.

A charge of plagiarism against an author is considered as pretty sure evidence of his superiority as a writer. It is an indirect confession of his fatness; and evinces a disposition on the part of the critic who makes the charge, to prove that it was dishonestly acquired. Charges of this kind most frequently come from young men of small reading and little experience. It is said, with a good deal of truth, that there is nothing old in this country except our young men. Of course it is not pretended that they have become infirm and bowed down by any ordinary weights which usually attach to their number of years; but it is the vast knowledge they have acquired, and the wasting and terrible experience they have been through, that have rendered them super-

annuated. They have sounded all the depths and shallows of books and life. They have dived so deep into the pure waters of light literature and the turbid waters of metaphysics, that, in both instances, they have brought up mud from the bottom. Dr. Johnson used to say that by reading five hours a day a man could attain a very considerable fund of information at the age of sixty. Young men who have never devoted any thing like that number of hours a day to reading, complain bitterly of the dearth of originality in modern literature. It is difficult for them to find in a new book any thing but stale facts. With less than a quarter of a century's experience, they have become palled and ennuied with the monotony of life and the scarcity of new ideas. One of these precocious old gentlemen, leaning back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head and yawning, thus criticises, in a drawling tone, to his companion, a popular book of the season :

'I say, Andrew, my dear boy, I have been turning over the leaves of this book in the hopes of finding something new in it ; but all the thoughts seem to wear a familiar aspect. They look like old acquaintances with mustaches and long hair added since I saw them last. It seems to be a book made up of old truths dressed in a new garb. How one longs for something fresh and original ; something penetrating the mysteries of our nature, like the early works of Shelley and Coleridge, of George Sand and—Tupper ! It is perfectly astonishing with what plain food the public taste is satisfied now-a-days, aw !'

The turning-point in life comes at a very early period with these precocious old gentlemen. If nature is strong enough in them to carry them safely through it, they grow young and less mature in feeling very rapidly as they advance in years, and they become less exacting for something *new* in every author.

'As for originality,' said Byron, in his journal, 'all pretensions to it are ridiculous ; 'there is nothing new under the sun.'

Emerson says an author is original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato ; and to those who are not much acquainted with Plato, he thus divulges the secret of much of his claim to originality. We know of no one book so much calculated to convince a man that there is nothing new under the sun as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. When a young man has become enamored of a new book that he thinks abounds in 'new light,' he had better read Burton carefully. By so doing, he will be pretty sure to have his admiration lowered a peg, at least. Montaigne (who, whatever his merit as an original writer may be, produced what Lord Halifax, the most fastidious critic of his time, pronounced the most readable book he ever met with,) compares his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others, and that by incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve, some drops fall upon his paper.

The principal difference between Lord Brougham and some unlearned wood-sawyers may be, that the mind of the former has been enriched and strengthened with the thoughts, experience, and observation of others ; they have become incorporated with himself, and form a part of his identity ; and the latter lack this advantage. In short, one has culture, and the others have not.

What is often termed originality, is more a manufactured article than a natural product. Moore, in dwelling upon the elaborate care with which all the performances of Sheridan were prepared, was led to exclaim, 'genius is patience.' An original thinker may be considered as one who has grown mentally fat upon the food great minds in all ages of the world have afforded him. Montaigne and Emerson, as we have seen, have confessed, with careless frankness, some of the sources of their originality.

Of course it is necessary that nature should have furnished a tolerably broad and capacious foundation for mental fatness to be laid upon. It is impossible to make a very fat hog of a Guinea pig. All men have not a disposition, and could not cultivate one, to grapple with the deep and subtle thoughts of profound minds. 'Books, books,' says Bulwer; 'magnets to which all iron minds insensibly move.' Minds of a softer metal, of a less investigating character, do not move in that direction. The mind grows by what it feeds upon, and no man can be an original thinker without a good deal of knowledge. All that was wanting, perhaps, to develop the powers of 'the village Hampden,' 'the mute, inglorious Milton,' and 'the guiltless Cromwell,' that the country churchyard contained, was knowledge. But knowledge is of no value unless it is well digested; and in this respect nature is an infallible guide. Minds, like stomachs, have little relish for food they cannot digest; and there is every variety of strength in the digestive powers of the mind as of the body.

New thoughts, in regard to human nature, at least, must be exceedingly rare, but new combinations of thoughts are of less frequent occurrence.

The youthful genius works out into comeliness of shape, with great pain and labor, what he conceives to be a bright, original thought. As he advances in years, and as his knowledge becomes more extensive, he is led to believe that the thought was old in the time of Zoroaster and Confucius. Human nature was as well understood long before Solomon's time as it is now. It is only in scientific knowledge that so many new truths have been discovered, and such vast progress made. It is affirmed by the highest authority that nothing new or valuable in principles or practical wisdom has been added to what the works of Aristotle and Cicero contain on the subject of government and politics, notwithstanding the host of great jurists and statesmen that England alone has produced, from Bacon to Bentham.

Descartes foresaw as clearly as Franklin the supremacy man was destined to gain over matter. In his *Discourse on Method*, published in 1637, he says: 'In these new triumphs of knowledge, men may learn to enjoy the fruits of the earth without trouble: their health will be improved, and they will be able to exempt themselves from an infinitude of ills, as well of the body as of the mind, and even perhaps from the weakness of age.'

Dr. Franklin, about a century and a half later, wrote a letter to Dr. Priestley, from which the following is an extract. Speaking of the power which man might in time acquire over matter, he said: 'Agriculture may diminish its labor and double its produce: all diseases may, by sure

means, be prevented or cured, (not excepting even that of old age,) and our lives lengthened at pleasure, even beyond the antediluvian standard.'

These remarks of Franklin's are sometimes quoted as evincing his claim to be considered a true prophet.

There is much less originality of expression than many suppose. Our most common conversation is interlarded with expressions used by old and distinguished authors. We could hardly get through a day without employing some of Shakspeare's happy sayings. One advantage in poring so long over Latin and Greek authors, is that the beautiful thoughts and language they contain may be strongly impressed upon the mind. A circumstance, only worthy of mention from the singularity of the coincidence, serves to illustrate this. The writer of this article was reading one of Brougham's essays, when the following fine metaphor arresting his attention, he read it aloud to his companion, who happened to be studying Horace at the time: 'He who is not bold enough to face the perils of the deep, may hug the shore too near and make shipwreck upon its inequalities.'

'Do you find that there?' was the astonished exclamation of this person. 'Why, I have just been studying the very same thing here.'

He then read from Horace the lines which expressed the very same metaphor. (The reader may hunt them up at his leisure.)

'Language was given us to conceal our thoughts,' is one of the smart sayings credited to Talleyrand. It has been discovered that Goldsmith used it long before Talleyrand's time; and how many had used it before him, is not known. An expression used by Calhoun, 'masterly inactivity,' was considered a very fine original expression in him, until it was traced back, we do n't know how many centuries. When Webster, on a certain occasion, spoke of 'the sea of up-turned faces' that greeted him, it was thought to be a fine expression, and something new under the sun. It was soon discovered that it occurred in one of Scott's novels. When some friend informed Fillmore that Scott was the candidate nominated for the Presidency, he told him that he must now attach himself to Scott, as 'more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.' This was considered a very wise reply in Mr. Fillmore, and it was also so considered when Pompey made it to Sylla.

The New-York Times, we believe, is to be credited with the following cluster of seeming plagiarisms:

'COWPER said: 'God made the country and man made the town.' The Latin poet, VARRO, expressed that very sentiment before him. POPE says: 'The proper study of mankind is man;' but CHARRON, the Frenchman, said it first. BYRON, in *Childe Harold*, has the image of a broken mirror, to show how a broken heart multiplies images of sorrow. But the same simile is in BURTON. GIORDANO BRUNS said that the first people of the world should rather be called the *youngsters* than the *ancients*. LORD BACON (a large plagiarist) makes use of the very same idea. GRAY sings beautifully about 'full many a gem of purest ray serene,' and many a flower, concealed in the mine and in the sea. But Bishop HALL first wrote the whole sentiment in prose. ADDISON speaks of the stars for ever singing as they shine. Sir THOMAS BROWNE talks of 'the singing constellations'; though both have followed the idea expressed in the Scripture. SHELLEY speaks of Death and his brother Sleep. The expression was Sir THOMAS BROWNE'S. It is impossible for a reader to go through a variety of books without finding plagiarism, or, at least, coincidences, on almost every page he pores on.'

Macaulay is unquestionably the most popular living writer; and we doubt if he is less original than Carlyle, Emerson, or some other 'great

original thinkers.' His mental fatness is apparent on every page of his writings, and it is equally apparent that it has been acquired by feeding from the richest granaries that the accumulations of ages could afford. He carried to the mangers he has fed at, strong digestive powers and a great appetite; and an appetite for books always 'grows by what it feeds upon.'

There was a terrible onslaught made upon D'Israeli, the novelist and ex-chancellor of England, some time since, for a singular plagiarism that he was guilty of. It is doubtful if the plagiarism alone would have made the critics so wrathful against him, if his position as a statesman had not been such a prominent one. Macaulay says it was not the pain the bear suffered that made the Puritans dislike bear-fights, but it was the pleasure they afforded the spectator. It was not the plagiarism of Mr. D'Israeli, we suspect, that so disturbed the critics; it was his political elevation. Envy is a feeling common to human nature, and pertains alike to Puritans, blacklegs, and authors. Lord Brougham gives, in the following sentence, a fine description of what a man of superior abilities is exposed to, who raises himself greatly above his fellow-men: 'While the conqueror mounts his triumphal car, and hears the air rent with shouts of his name, he hears, too, the malignant whisper appointed to remind him that the trumpet of fame blunts not the tooth of calumny; nay, he descends from his eminence when the splendid day is over, to be made the victim of never-ending envy, and of slander which is immortal, as the price of that day's delirious enjoyment; and all the time, safety and peace is the lot of the humble companion who shared his labors, without partaking of his renown; and who, if he has enjoyed little, has paid and suffered less.'

This sentiment, it must be admitted, is very forcibly expressed, but no one can doubt that it had been expressed thousands of times before, in some form or other. Shakspeare's language for the same idea is quite vigorous. This is it:

'O PLACE and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious guests,
Upon thy doings! Thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.'

Innumerable other forms of expression for the same idea might be produced from eminent sources, but *cui bono*? Moore, once observing Byron with a book full of paper-marks, asked him what it was. 'Only a book,' he answered, 'from which I am trying to *crib*;' as I do whenever I can, and that's the way I get the character of an original poet.' This candor was equal to Emerson's, but Moore explains it as follows: 'Though, in imputing to himself premeditated plagiarism, he was, of course, but jesting; it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite thus his vein, by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint, caught by his imagination as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the source.'

This seems a much more reasonable supposition, as to the source from which Byron had his inspiration, than that of those who affirm that he must have received it from gin and the devil. Although these are very powerful agents, and accustomed to work harmoniously together, the inspiration they give is more apt to be destructive than creative.

A kindred charge to that of plagiarism, and one which is often brought against all sorts of literary performances, is that they are but '*re-hashes*' of old facts and events. This is an objection that there is but little risk in presenting, for but few writings on any subject, we suspect, are free from it. Is Blackstone any less a '*re-hash*' than the last religious pamphlet on the Unity or the Trinity, or the last newspaper-article on the Tariff, or the Currency? What are Macaulay's and Bancroft's histories but '*re-hashes*?' The same facts and events, when handled by a man of genius, are made to appear very different from what they do when used by one without it. The historical characters drawn by Bancroft and Macaulay, although retaining the same prominent features when sketched by dull and indifferent writers, would hardly be recognized as the same persons. There is about the same difference between a good '*re-hash*' and a poor one, as there would be between a statue Powers would cut from a block of marble, and one that an ordinary stone-cutter would produce; or, about the same difference there would be between the manner of handling the same case by Webster, and a tenth-rate lawyer.

Sir Walter Scott was always esteemed an original writer, but Lord Jeffrey, in reviewing his works, said: 'Even in him, the traces of imitation are obvious and abundant.' We will close this article by another quotation from Lord Jeffrey, bearing upon the subject of which we have been treating.

'SHAKESPEARE, to be sure, is more purely original; but it should not be forgotten, that in his time, there was much less to borrow, and that he too has drawn freely and largely from the sources that were open to him, at least, for his fable and graver sentiment: for his wit and humor, as well as his poetry, are always his own. In our times, all the higher walks of literature have been so long and so often trodden, that it is scarcely possible to keep out of the foot-steps of some of our precursors; and the ancients, it is well known, have stolen most of our bright thoughts, and not only visibly beset all the patent approaches to glory, but swarm in such ambushed multitudes behind, that when we think we have gone fairly beyond their plagiarisms, and honestly worked out an original excellence of our own, up starts some deep-read antiquary, and makes it out, much to his own satisfaction, that heaven knows how many of these busy-bodies have been beforehand with us, both in the *genus* and the *species* of our invention!'

THE DAYS OF YORE.

The days of yore! the days of yore!
How sweet their memories come,
When, e'en in thought, we wander o'er
Our happy childhood's home!

The merry years! the merry years!
When you and I were boys,
When nought we knew of bitter tears
Amid our many joys!

They've passed away! the brightest, best
Of life's swift-fleeting hours;
But MEMORY'S pages still hold pressed
The leaves of childhood's flowers.

N. S. S.

A P R I L .

With smiling face young APRIL comes,
Her apron full of flowers;
And oft she's seen to sprinkle them
With soft and dewy showers;
She's brought the birds to sing again,
The bees to hum around;
She's filled the air with balminess,
And carpeted the ground.

O'er mountain, hill, or through the vale,
Where'er her path-way weaves,
She breathes upon the sleeping buds,
And bursts them into leaves;
The yellow Jonquil lifts her head,
Fresh from her wintry tomb,
And where her foot-steps lightly fall,
The modest violets bloom.

Each streamlet has a merrier laugh,
That runs from mountain's brow;
Each meets to-day the full sunshine —
No ice to clog it now;
Some few white clouds float through the sky,
Those soft and snow-white clouds,
That oft in childhood's time we deemed
Were angel-spirits' shrouds.

The farmer plies the busy plough,
And turns the mellowed sod,
And deems that there in autumn-time
The yellow grain will nod.
At morn yon ox was grazing here,
And loiters still at noon;
No grass so sweet as April brings —
Not that of May or June.

Within the post, close by our door,
The wren now builds her nest;
The social robin, too, is here
With his bright speckled breast.
The dove is cooing to her mate
In tones of tenderness;
And merry black-birds through the fields
In songs their joy express.

Amid the woods the maple-trees
Now wear their brightest dyes;
And, nearer by, the apricots
Are opening to the skies;
Yes, hourly peeps some beauty forth
To meet our gladdened eyes;
And soon we'll view the clover-buds,
And bees with laden thighs.

I love each Spring and Summer month,
 And sigh when they are gone;
 But most my heart young APRIL loves,
 And tunes for her the song;
 For she's the first of all the months
 To bring the warming showers,
 The song of birds, the hum of bees,
 And scent of lovely flowers.

J. H. WILSON.

A S K U L L - A N D - B O N E S K E T C H .

BY VIATOR.

'SINCERELY desirous to aid the cause of science, through which temporal suffering is alleviated; wishing to promote the best good of my fellow beings; and deliberately preferring that my body after my death should undergo dissection, than that it should be consumed by worms, I do hereby request my said executor, immediately after my decease, whenever the same shall be, to deliver my body to the Professors of Surgery and Anatomy in the Medical Institution of Yale College, for the purposes of dissection and anatomical examination.'

THE above is an extract from a will preserved in the skull of the man who made it, whose skeleton is, or was, suspended in the medical department of Yale College, with the name, age, and date of his death, engraved on a silver plate attached to the forehead. In reflecting upon the history of that skeleton, I have often lost all the words of the learned Professor who was laboring to impress a little knowledge upon the minds of us under-graduates.

That man must have been a true philosopher. I think I have heard that he was a stone-cutter by trade, and that it was in the pursuit of his business of making monuments that he became impressed with the emptiness of all such memorials of the dead, which are, for the most part, invested with interest to only a small circle of relatives and for a short period, and too often record of the deceased,

'Not what he was; but what he should have been;'

and he desired that, after death, he might atone for a life which he felt had been of very little use to his fellow men, by making his own frame a permanent source of instruction, after his flesh should have served a similar purpose on the anatomical table.

Some may be disposed to find in this will nothing more than a streak of eccentricity, or even of vanity, since the monument he thus made of his own person would be a more enduring and remarkable memento than any other he could have constructed. But methinks nothing except some conscientious feeling akin to that above indicated, could have induced him to take a course so directly in opposition to the general sentiment of mankind. Although every intelligent man will readily admit that the disposition of his body after death is a matter of no real moment, a regard for the feelings of surviving relatives will prevent his giving any unusual direction in the matter. A dread of exposure

after death would operate with a sensitive mind, especially that of a female. And indeed we find in the minute directions people frequently give with regard to their funerals, the costly tombs and monuments for which they make provision, and the self-denial to which poor persons will frequently subject themselves in order to be well 'laid out' at last, evidence of the extent to which this feeling prevails, whether it be ascribed to regard for surviving friends, delicacy or vanity, or a little of all.

Charles Lamb has finely touched it off in his chapter on Burial Societies; and Pope, in one of his poems, thus alludes to the ruling passion strong in death, (referring to the law which required that the dead should be buried in woollen, in order to encourage that branch of manufacture:)

'Orious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke;
(Were the last words that poor NARCISSE spoke;)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead —
And BETT, give this cheek a little red.'

I think it is a great pity that people cannot be made to look upon these things with a more philosophic eye. Not that I would have them all will their bodies to the surgeons. Nor would I be understood as taking exception to those monumental structures and other mementos of affection which relatives are in the habit of rearing over the remains of departed friends: such practices keep alive the noblest sentiments of our nature; but I would have these things provided for by those who survive, and not by those who are to be commemorated. 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth.'

I would do away with the absurd superstition, or prejudice, in favor of what is called 'decent burial;' and have people think that, so their remains are put out of sight, it matters little what becomes of them. It is nothing but the dread of encountering this feeling which has prevented legislators in this country from passing those laws which are necessary to furnish the materials for anatomical study, such, for instance, as a provision that the bodies of those who die in the prisons and almshouses, with no friends to demand a burial, may be delivered to the surgeons. It is to no purpose to say that people, whose misfortunes have driven them upon the parish for support, ought not to be punished with the apprehension of dissection. With as much reason might it be said that, because some ignorant people are afraid of 'witches or 'sperits,' the law should provide a supply of old horse-shoes, or other equally potent antidotes. If the feelings of survivors are consulted, that should suffice. The public good and public health should be the paramount considerations.

I am neither a doctor nor the son of one; but I think that those who, in order to minister to the sufferings of their fellow men, are obliged to travel over such a nasty road to learning as the dissecting-room, ought to be able to do it without the fear of a state-prison before their eyes.

People are indeed becoming more reasonable now-a-days in relation to post-mortem examinations. I have heard physicians remark that rarely does death occur of any very unusual form of disease, that they have

not the consent of the family to make an examination to ascertain the cause. But even on this point there was formerly great straight-lacedness; and many a resurrection-case has originated in a refusal of this kind. I lately heard of one which I have thought sufficiently curious to be worth relating:

Once upon a time—but not such a great many years ago—a young doctor, who had just received his license to practice, established himself in one of the thriving villages of Western New-York, and, through an advertisement in the weekly paper, ‘respectfully informed the inhabitants of I—that he had taken the office of the late Dr. Handy, and offered his professional services to the public.’

‘The late Dr. Handy,’ whose sign now gave place to that of ‘Dr. Norton,’ had been one of the largest practitioners of the country, and our young Esculapius hoped to step into his practice as well as his office. But he soon found that this was not so easy, for, during the last illness of Dr. Handy, his patients had been left under the care of the only other physician in the place, Dr. Bugbee, who had managed to retain most of this addition to his practice. He was an elderly man, and one of the class who would now-a-days be ranked among the ‘old fogies.’ He bled, blistered, and administered calomel and jalap without any stint, and, with all his practice, seemed to be exceedingly jealous of the new doctor; not even extending to him the civility of a call, which was due to him not only as a stranger, but as a neighbor, for Dr. Bugbee’s small garden and orchard were all that separated his house from the office of Dr. Norton. The latter was obliged to content himself with such small practice among the poor as Dr. Bugbee’s other engagements did not enable him to attend to, but diligently improved the leisure thus left him in qualifying himself the better for full professional occupation when it did come. He had studied in the office of a country physician, and had been thoroughly grounded in the elements, but had enjoyed few of the opportunities for lectures, cliniques, post-mortems, and hospital practice which are possessed by students in the large cities. Not only were the books in his small library re-perused, but occasional dissections of dogs and cats were carried on there; and, on one occasion, he was lucky enough to purchase of a travelling menagerie that next thing to a dead man, a dead monkey, which he took to pieces with all due science, to the great marvel of many a boy who had seen it carried from the ‘show,’ and which a maiden lady of forty-five, whom I shall call Miss Abigail Prue, thought it showed ‘a little too much zeal in this new doctor,’ and for her part, she shouldn’t want to have him ‘tend upon her, lest he should be constantly thinking about dissecting her—a remark which, being reported to the doctor, called forth the observation from him that, however much she might resemble a monkey, she was rather too tough a subject to tempt him. This, which excited the laughter of the young people at the expense of the spinster, inflamed her to the highest degree; and, soon after, a rumor being circulated that a grave in a neighboring village had been opened, she shook her head with a very significant look to all her acquaintances, and said: ‘It may be that a *certain* young doctor had nothing to do with it, but I have *my own* thoughts;’ asked what they thought now of the impudent fellow?—and by whispering all

sorts of insinuations of bloody murder and resurrection, excited the prejudices of the old folks decidedly against our hero, while it aroused, on the other hand, a powerful host of defenders among the young people, especially the young ladies, who disliked such a gossip as Miss Abigail Prue, and thought none the worse of a young unmarried and agreeable man because he tried to learn his profession; and, indeed, they went farther, and said it was a pity Dr. Bugbee had n't, in his younger days, done something of the sort, for in that case, he would n't have killed so many people.

Fortified thus with the support of the rising generation, Dr. Norton could not doubt that, in course of time, his turn would come to stand in the medical shoes of the late Dr. Handy, or even of a greater than he; but meantime the calls for his services were sensibly affected by the absurd gossip of the village.

One beautiful evening in spring, when he had taken his seat on the little back-porch of his office, to watch the setting sun, and snuff the sweet scent of his neighbor's peach-blossoms, his eyes were suddenly arrested by a beautiful sylph-like form, which he recognized as that of Dr. Bugbee's niece, Miss Ellen Nathalie, a young lady recently returned from boarding-school, and who, it was understood, took the principal charge of his establishment. Norton had observed her in the morning as she watered her plants, and admired her then; but now his somewhat susceptible heart was kindled into raptures by the poetry of the scene, as she moved to and fro upon the green-sward, beyond the trees, at that most melting hour of day. Never did he feel before so forcibly the inconvenience of not knowing her uncle, and consequently not being on visiting terms at the house.

Suddenly a scream was heard in the house; she entered, and immediately returned and called out, in the sweetest of voices,

'Dr. Norton, Dr. Norton, won't you come here!' and reëntered.

Jumping over the fence and running across the lot, he went into the kitchen, and found, stretched on the floor, a strapping big Irish servant-girl, apparently in a fit, while Miss Nathalie bent over her, bathing her temples with water. Dr. Norton procured from his office a medicine which partially revived her; but she soon sank back again into a second fit, and continued to alternately revive and sink, until Dr. Bugbee himself returned from a visit to a distant patient. Norton explained the circumstances under which he had found her, and his method of treatment, when a difference of opinion was expressed between the two physicians as to the nature of her malady. Dr. Bugbee's remedies were tried without as much effect in reviving her as those which had been first applied. In a short time she died. Dr. Norton suggested that the attack had been, in many respects, peculiar, and that it would be well to institute an examination. To this Dr. Bugbee objected, stating that it would subject him to remark, should there be a post-mortem in his house, upon the body of his own servant, although she was a stranger. Dr. Norton replied that the examination could be so conducted as to be over very soon, and so that the deceased would show no signs of it when placed in her coffin, and no one be the wiser; but he was overruled, not without a suspicion, on Norton's part, that Bugbee feared lest he

should be obliged to admit that his young rival was right, and that this was the true reason of his objection.

On the evening after the funeral, as Norton was seated as usual on his little back piazza, Miss Nathalie came toward that side of the orchard, apparently to secure peach-blossoms for a bouquet; and as she plucked them, remarked, hurriedly:

'Doctor! Doctor! say nothing, but if you have a dead body on your premises remove it, that's all.'

And then she vanished, before the doctor could question her.

The next morning, he received a visit from a constable armed with a search-warrant, who examined every place for the purpose of finding 'a certain dead body, late of one Catherine Quigley, deceased, which, however, he did not find; and there all legal proceedings apparently ended, although a fresh buzz of gossip was excited through the village at the news that 'the sexton had found that the grave of Dr. Bugbee's servant-girl had been dug up and the corpse carried off, and how they'd searched all the doctors' dens, and could find nothing of it. In vain did the young doctor strive again to see and converse with the beautiful niece of his neighbor, who had given him such friendly warning, but she studiously avoided him — a circumstance which only seemed to make him more anxious to see her.

At the end of some three or four months, he went off in his sulky to pay a visit to his old preceptor, and also to purchase, at Geneva, a fresh supply of medicines. On his return, after an absence of a week or two, there was added to the anatomical treasures of his back-office a skeleton, a fresh skeleton, newly put together.

Now there was nothing very remarkable in a physician's having a skeleton. It was known to be a part of the furniture of almost every medical office; but this particular skeleton seemed to be invested with peculiar interest to many of the villagers; and one day his old acquaintance, the constable, entered, accompanied by the cabinet-maker of the place, to inspect it, by the authority of the law. A measuring-tape was produced, and, after taking the dimensions, Dr. Norton was informed that he must go before a magistrate, where he was charged with having robbed the grave of Catherine Quigley. The result was that he was bound over for trial at the next court, and the skeleton retained by the magistrate as the principal witness against him.

Now the laws of the State of New-York provide that any person who shall remove the dead body of any human being from the grave, or other place of interment, for the purpose of dissection, shall be punished by imprisonment in a state-prison not exceeding five years, or in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and every person who shall purchase or receive the dead body of any human being, knowing the same to have been disinterred, contrary to the foregoing provisions, shall, upon conviction, be subject to the punishment in said section specified.

Now here was an awkward fix. To be locked up in the service of the state is no joke at any time; but, under such circumstances as these, it is a serious matter.

And so our hero regarded it : and he tossed about that night on his bed with any thing but comfortable sensations, as he thought of professional prospects dished, reputation ruined, and all his cherished affections nipped in the bud ; for, strange as it may seem, the face of the fair Ellen had haunted him ever since that mysterious warning, and he could not help regarding her as a kind of guardian-angel, or at least a fair damsel restrained in her affections by a cruel uncle, from whom it would be his happiness, at some future day, to set her at liberty. But now the order of things was to be reversed ; he was to be the imprisoned knight ; and he dreamed of himself peeping through the bars, while the fair one gazed at him with reproachful looks, as much as to say, ' Why did n't you heed my warning ? ' Then he awoke, and was glad to find that, as yet, it was only a dream. But as he went to his breakfast at the village tavern, (for he slept in his back-office,) he was reminded that there was some reality about it by the way in which the school-boys peered curiously at him, just as people do at a man who is about to be hanged. He could see at a glance that his case was the talk of the town. What a theme indeed it was for Miss Abigail Prue ! how she had hurried out to be the first to tell the news ! and how beautifully she had garnished it up with little expletives ! and ' What did I say ? ' and ' workings up of her fancy distorted into fact ? ' Many of the boys were greatly astonished to find him quietly walking as usual to his breakfast, instead of loaded down with irons in the county jail. But to breakfast he went, although he would have had but little appetite had he not been seated next to his lawyer, who boarded at the same house, and who cheered him up by his confident assertions that the state could never make out a case on such evidence as that.

And, while he is awaiting his trial, it will not be out of place to mention the way in which our professor of law used to tell us he got a celebrated physician clear of a similar charge. The bodies of two men, Tift and Towner, were disinterred at Northampton by some medical students, and traced to the medical college at New-Haven, where the professor of anatomy dissected them without knowing whence they came. He was indicted in two counts, one for dissecting the body of Tift, the other for dissecting the body of Towner. Mr. Daggett, as counsel, insisted that the state must prove each count as laid, a position in which the court sustained him, and it became necessary to prove first, that the prisoner dissected the body of Tift. There was a barrel of legs, arms, and bones, but which of these belonged to Tift and which belonged to Towner it was impossible to tell ; and so, although they had evidence to the *corpora delicti* mentioned in the whole indictment, there was no evidence as to the *corpus delicti* mentioned in any one count ; accordingly, the court instructed the jury that the evidence did not sustain the indictment, and the prisoner must be acquitted ; and greatly did Judge Daggett ever afterward chuckle as he told of the victory over the district attorney, whereby he saved a worthy physician for a life of great usefulness and honor.

To return to Dr. Norton. He had been wise enough to take his counsel with him at the first examination, and, by his advice, refused

to answer any questions, which was as well ; for, in the confusion of the moment, he might have been bothered to give a very intelligible explanation as to whence he got the skeleton which now seemed to grin out an accusation.

The day of trial came on, and our hero was formally arraigned in the presence of an immense audience, to answer to the charge preferred, with the usual verbosity, for that, on a certain day, he, the said Edward Norton, did, at etc., feloniously and wilfully open the grave wherein was deposited the dead body, late of one Catherine Quigley, and did take, steal, and carry away the same. And the jurors aforesaid farther upon their oaths declared, in another count, that the said Norton did, at, etc., feloniously and wilfully receive, for the purpose of dissection, the dead body late of one Catherine Quigley, knowing that the same had been unlawfully abstracted from the grave, etc. All of which was declared to be against the peace of the state, and the statute in such case made and provided ; and to all of which the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

The first witness called was the sexton, who testified that, on the day after the funeral, he discovered that the sods had been disturbed near the head of the grave ; that he dug down, in the presence of a justice and constable, and found that the head of the coffin had been knocked out and the body abstracted ; that foot-steps were discovered from the grave to the neighborhood of the prisoner's office. The constable testified to having examined the office, and found a large bowl of chloride of lime, apparently prepared for some recent process of purification ; that, in the stable attached to the office he found a large board, which, by the imprints upon it, and the smell, had apparently been used for a recent dissection ; also behind the stable a bucket which had contained lime, and a crow-bar, which fitted into the indenture made in the coffin. This crow-bar was produced in court, as also the coffin-head.

Dr. Bugbee was called to prove that he had known the deceased, and was present at her death, with the prisoner, who expressed a great desire to dissect the body. He also thought the teeth of the skeleton resembled her teeth.

Some other testimony was introduced, tending to show that the prisoner must have been the one who opened the grave ; for instance, it was shown that a pair of muddy boots, found in his office, fitted the foot-prints traced from the grave to the office ; but it appeared that these same foot-prints could be traced to other parts of the grave-yard.

A cabinet-maker deposed to having made the coffin, and taken the measure of the deceased for that purpose, which measure corresponded with the dimensions of the skeleton after making due allowance for the space taken up by skin and flesh. What this space ought to be, was the subject of a long cross-examination. Dr. Bugbee and a physician from a neighboring town, were also examined on this point, but, although they were very learned, it was made to depend so much on other questions, such as corpulency and disease, etc., that the jury were about as wise when they got through as when they commenced. There was equal discrepancy about the age of the skeleton ; both agreed that it

was a green or new one; but one thought it could not have been exposed more than three months; the other gave it a much longer period of release from the fleshy covering.

It was shown that the prisoner had been in the habit of purchasing small quantities of quick-lime, to use in dissolving the bodies of animals, and that after the grave was opened he had purchased an unusual quantity; and finally the district attorney, after making the most of the testimony in his summing up, asked if this was not the skeleton of Catherine Quigley, whose skeleton was it? and insisted that it devolved upon the prisoner, in order to establish his innocence, to show whence he obtained it.

By way of answering this last question, a witness was called for the defence who was a student in the Medical College at Geneva, who had seen the prisoner in the college examining some wires and screws, such as are used to put skeletons together, and who farther stated that it was the privilege of the janitor to put together and sell the skeletons of subjects; but whether the prisoner had purchased a skeleton, or simply the means of putting it together, he could not say.

It may here be remarked that the counsel, in summing up for the prisoner, accounted for not having proved by the janitor himself a sale of the skeleton, by stating that that worthy had absconded to parts unknown before a subpoena could be served upon him, and farther intimated that he had concealed himself through apprehension, lest one who dealt in skulls and bones should meet with evil treatment in a community so much excited, or, at least, be subjected to some awkward questions which he could not answer without criminating himself—an explanation, which had its effect on the jury, but greatly astonished the said janitor when he heard of it in Pennsylvania, to which State he had been quietly dispatched a few days before, by Dr. Norton's old preceptor, with money to pay his way, and instructions to remain until he heard that the trial was over.

Proof was furnished that the crow-bar in the doctor's stable was of the same pattern with one found in the sexton's tool-house; and the shoe-maker of the village testified that he made the prisoner's boots which fitted the foot-marks, and that they corresponded very nearly in size to other boots of similar pattern made for other people.

Finally the counsel, to the astonishment of his client, called to the stand Miss Ellen Nathalie!

She stepped lightly forth from the crowd of ladies on the back seats, and never did any one look more charmingly, at least in the prisoner's eyes, although what she could have to say bearing on this case, he could not imagine. He had never said a word to his counsel about her, and presumed, therefore, that she must be a volunteer witness. As he gazed on that exquisite form, those regular Grecian features, that fair complexion, those dark, oval eyes, full of expression, those jet black tresses, and that dainty little mouth, he felt that it would be almost sweet to be condemned on evidence which emanated from such an angel. It was a shame to require such lips to kiss that old, dirty, worn-out Bible which had been so often profaned by contact with vulgar mouths.

She stated that she had seen the deceased very frequently while staying

at her uncle's house, and had often heard her speak of a lameness in her right foot, caused by the loss of a bone of the little toe, the consequence of the fall of an axe; and she remembered noticing when the deceased was laid out, that there was nothing but a kind of a bunch where the little toe ought to have been. On looking at the skeleton, the bone of the little toe was found to be perfect.

In summing up for the defence, the counsel first assailed all the testimony for the prosecution, by representing, in a ludicrous point of view, the sexton hurrying with the constable to that particular grave on the morning in question, and finding the body gone, as by a previous understanding, then going at once to the doctor's office and finding every thing that would help to fix the charge upon him; he thrust back the sexton's own crow-bar in his teeth, dwelt upon the fact that his boots were of similar pattern to those found in the prisoner's office, and deduced from all the evidence the inference that here was a conspiracy to persecute his client. This he dwelt upon in every form and shape with wonderful effect, managing to make the jury look upon the poor sexton as himself the delinquent, (perhaps the very man who helped supply the Medical College,) and, like all guilty minds, fearful of discovery, now trying to divert public indignation from himself to an unoffending medical man, who happened, unfortunately, in his zeal for science, to be open to such a charge by reason of having in his possession the materials with which some dead dogs and monkeys had been anatomized. As to the skeleton, he insisted that it was distinctly shown that this could not be the one alluded to in the indictment, because the evidence of Miss Nathalie proved that the living subject was minus a toe, whereas this one had been fully developed in that department. Could any one doubt the evidence of *such a witness*? Could any one suppose that, as the prosecution intimated, *such eyes* could have been deceived?

Here was the gist of his case, and he made the most of it; and wound up by impressing upon the jury the importance of giving the benefit of every doubt to the prisoner; and by reading to them from Starkie a frightful list of cases where innocent men had been condemned on circumstantial evidence.

The result was, that, after a short consultation among the jury, the prisoner was acquitted, and left the court-room amid the plaudits of the crowd.

Vainly he strove to catch the eye of Miss Ellen, and thank her for his deliverance. She went home on her uncle's arm, and appeared carefully to avoid him afterward. He saw plainly that she was fearful of compromising herself with some one, perhaps with her uncle, if she showed, by word or sign, that she was acquainted with him.

Although released from his perilous position, he tossed about on his pillow that night, more than ever. The scene was now again reversed. The captive knight no longer peeped from dungeon-bars; he was free; the lady was near him; but through some invisible spell they could not approach nor speak.

Oh! how tantalizing! In his waking hours it was still worse: he watched the garden of his neighbor, and saw the fair one come forth as usual, but

'Not a word, not a syllable spake she.'

It was perhaps in consequence partly of the distracted emotions thus kindled in his mind that he sought relief in a more urgent devotion to his books than ever; and, forgetting his narrow escape, he was soon engaged in another similar affair. For I may as well inform the reader here that, in spite of the evidence of Miss Ellen, the skeleton before mentioned was no other than that of the said Catherine Quigley, the body of which person might have been found by the constable on his first search, had he thought of lifting up some loose boards of the stable-floor, and digging down into the earth below, and the little toe of which would have been found to be, as Miss Ellen described it, 'a kind of bunch,' or thick projection; but on opening it a perfect bone would have come to light, with the sinews contracted, the skin shrivelled, and indications that the owner had long lost all control over it. She might very naturally have supposed that she had lost it.

Some three months after the trial, a pauper, with a very remarkably formed head, who had for some time been afflicted with disease, apparently of the brain, which caused him to stagger somewhat, but not exactly as if he had St. Vitus's dance, fell down in the street and died, and was interred in the Potter's-field division of the burial ground.

That night behold our hero, habited in an old pair of corduroys, with a smock-frock, and, in the midst of a pouring rain, digging down at the head of the pauper's grave. Such graves are not very deep, and he soon strikes the coffin, and then with a chisel inserted between the head-board and the side, he opens a place for his crow-bar, and easily pries out the end of the coffin, for such coffins do not usually have a superfluity of nails. Passing in a rope with a slip-knot at the end, he manages to encircle the neck, and draws out the head of the corpse. The shoulders are too broad to follow; but, determined not to lose his labor, he takes out a knife, and with some effort manages to separate the head from the body. To wrap it in an old canvas bag, to fill up and smooth off the grave, is the work of a few minutes. He hurries home, puts on dry clothes, and goes to work to unravel the mystery of that dead man's brain; and he finds a remarkable bony projection on the inside of the skull, such as will make it a curious addition to his anatomical museum. He must preserve it, that's certain.

It was still raining when he had finished his investigations, and rather than again venture out in the rain to the place of concealment in the stable, he locked it up in a closet, and retired to bed where, after his fatiguing night, he was soon wrapped in sound sleep, and did not awake until so late the following morning that he arrived at the tavern after that meal was finished. As he returned, he saw Miss Nathalie emerge from her uncle's house with a calash and morning-dress, and walk slowly along toward him. He prepared to bow, but as she passed she turned her head away, and said in a low tone:

'Don't speak to me! but if you've a head in your office get rid of it, *that's all!*'

He turned to look at her, but she stepped into a store, and appeared to be absorbed in making purchases.

A second warning! Could it be that they had discovered what had

been done the night before ? It was clear that some one was watching him, but equally clear that an angel was protecting him.

The event proved that the warning was well founded, for, hardly had he transferred the head to a place of concealment before he was visited by his old acquaintances, the constable and justice, who ransacked his offices in every part, and then proceeded to the stable, looked behind the wood-pile, under the hay-mow, in the horse-trough, and the buggy. In the loft was a small cutter-sleigh, turned up on end, which, from that circumstance, and the apparent exposure of the seat, with the top open, they neglected to examine very carefully, although they turned it down. They went away as wise as they came ; and soon after they had gone, Norton, with a quiet chuckle, went up to that cutter and felt for the mangled head under the straw packed into the seat where he had placed it, not having time to bury it under the stable as he had proposed to do. Now that the search was over, he thought it was as safe here as anywhere, and concluded to leave it there until night, when he could dig a grave for it without interruption.

Of course the discovery that 'the sanctity of the grave had been again violated,' created no small stir in the town ; and the newspaper, that very morning, delayed its publication to publish a postscript stating that 'this morning, at an early hour, as Mr. Godfrey Gaskins, sexton of this village, was entering the burial-ground to dig a grave, he observed what was very unusual, the gate wide open, and was led by this circumstance to examine the grave of a pauper, known as 'Staggering Jim,' who had been interred the day before. A deep depression was found on the surface near the head of the grave, caused, as it appeared on digging down, by the fact that some miscreant had knocked out the coffin-head and neglected to replace it, so that the earth settled into the coffin, on examining which it was found still to contain the body of the beggar, but, like that of Holofernes, 'without any head.' Suspicions have been directed toward a certain well-known quarter, but as yet no sufficient evidence to justify an arrest. When are these things to cease ?'

Determined to live down all censure, Norton did not hesitate to mingle with the crowd of idlers at 'the store,' and laugh down all talk by saying :

'Oh yes, I've got it, of course. Go and find it.'

That evening there was a large party, and Norton went with the hope that he might get a chance to question Miss Ellen as to the source of her mysterious knowledge, which was now occasioning great uneasiness. He had seldom met her in company, and then received scarcely more than a bow. She always went out soon after he came. This evening she was there, and was soon not unwillingly cornered, when a conversation took place something to this effect :

'You have never given me an opportunity, Miss Ellen, to thank you for that kind interest you have taken on my behalf ; and you cannot wonder that I am curious to know how you have obtained information so important. One deliverance and two warnings.'

'And yet a third warning I must give you,' said she. 'This is no place to give reasons ; and I hardly know whether a gentleman who

profits so little by experience as to go into his stable-loft by day-light, and, in front of a window, put something in a cutter-sleigh, deserves to be warned again. Look to it to-night, *that's all*.'

So saying, she hurried to join some companions who began to banter her about the doctor whom her evidence had saved, and with whom they had no doubt she was in a conspiracy to prevent the poor beggars from sleeping in peace; to all of which she replied in graceful badinage.

'Seriously, though,' said one young lady, observing that the doctor had gone out, 'ain't it awful!'

'Awful!' said all.

'The man who did it ought to be hung!' said Ellen.

'So he ought!' said all.

'And yet he could only have done it to learn,' timidly suggested Miss Augusta Sprigg, whose name had at times been coupled with Norton's by the gossips.

'Only to learn!' said all.

'To keep the staggers out of other people's heads, *that's all*,' said Ellen.

'*That's all*!' echoed the group.

And so, on the whole, they all concluded it might have been worse.

Meantime, Norton had hurried home to his office and filled a bucket with a strong preparation of lye and acids, such as would blister the skin on contact. Removing the head from the sleigh and burying it under the floor, he supplied its place by the bucket, and taking his seat in his back-office in the dark, quietly watched for the approach of any outsiders. About twelve o'clock he heard foot-steps moving up the alley which led to the stable. The lower door was closed; but two persons placed a ladder to the window above, and entered. He stepped under the window and listened, and heard some one say in a very low tone:

'He has put it in brine to preserve it, *that's all*.'

'It makes my fingers feel queer,' said the other.

'Pshaw!' was the reply; 'your fingers must be very tender. I'll bring it out for you. Hello! it's rather strong; I guess we shall have to give it up.'

'Who-o-o-o! how my fingers burn!'

The two soon descended the ladder, which they forgot to take with them; and as they ran away, Norton thought he recognized familiar forms.

Imagine Miss Abigail Prue's astonishment next morning, when she received a message from Ellen Nathalie, stating that her uncle, being somewhat indisposed, had requested Dr. Norton to respond to her summons for a physician. It was not greater than Norton's when Dr. Bugbee's hired man brought him the request that he would attend to certain of that gentleman's patients. Going to Dr. Bugbee's house, Miss Nathalie met him at the door, with a countenance expressive of a struggle to look solemn while desiring to laugh, and told him that she had no idea her warning of the previous evening would have led to any thing more than a removal of the obnoxious head, and she was sorry to find that her uncle had nearly lost the use of his hands thereby; but that she had not supposed he was going there himself, having simply

overheard conversations between him and the sexton, on several occasions, which gave her occasion to caution him, (Norton,) while at the same time she had to be very circumspect in her manner toward him to avoid being suspected. She begged him to say nothing about it to any one, as her uncle, who was now asleep, evidently felt very much chagrined, and had requested, in order probably to silence him, that he might be invited to attend his patients.

Had not Miss Abigail Prue been very sick in consequence of her excessive dissipation at the party, she would have probably dispensed with Norton's services; but, as it was, he soon followed the note, and, by a little judicious flattery and some gentle remedies, which he said were all so *young* a person needed, he wore off her prejudice, as well as sickness, to such a degree that she declared she didn't believe one word of what had been said against him, and became as loud in his praises as she had previously been in his censure.

Norton found himself cosily seated that evening at the tea-table in Dr. Bugbee's house with no other companion than Miss Ellen. No wonder that, under such circumstances, he did not remark much on Dr. Bugbee's remaining for a day or two in his room, and, for a week afterward, keeping his right hand very carefully gloved.

But, although Norton kept his own counsel, the affair of the stable was soon the talk of the town. A busy-body, who happened to see the sexton's ladder standing at the doctor's stable, concluded that some new discovery, in connection with the resurrection cases, had been made, and, hurrying off to the sexton, inquired:

'What he'd been a finding of at the young doctor's *this* time?'

The sexton, thinking all was known, threatened to thrash him if he ever spoke of the young doctor again, adding 'they may get some body else to catch their body-snatchers next time; it was old Dr. Bugbee that got me into this scrape, and he got the worst of it, as he deserved, for he run his wrist into the cussed stuff, while I only dabbled my fingers with it, and that was bad enough, for I can't hold a spade for a week to come.'

The whole story was by degrees got out of him; and it appeared that Dr. Bugbee had been secretly advising with this worthy and the justice about both the resurrection cases, in reference to the last of which the sexton was especially anxious to succeed, having been greatly irritated by the figure he had been made to play on the trial for the former. The constable, after his unsuccessful search, declared he was not going to be laughed at for another abortive attempt, unless some better evidence was furnished that the head was there than the simple fact that Dr. Bugbee had seen, from his back-window, Norton press down something into the cutter.

He agreed, however, that he would go in and take possession if Bugbee and the sexton would first examine and report that it was there. Hence, the night-expedition, which ended so unfortunately to the parties, not only taking the skin almost off from their hands, and subjecting them to all the laughter of the town, but rendering them liable to be prosecuted and punished for trespass.

The joke was too good to be lost, and was repeated far and near, and

made Dr. Norton wonderfully popular. Those who would have been most ready to crush him before, now applauded him for his enterprise, wit, and energy, as much as they condemned Dr. Bugbee for his meanness in trying to destroy a rival. Whether the latter was aware of the extent to which he was the subject of ridicule or not, he had the good sense to conceal it ; and this, together with the fact that he had suddenly joined Dr. Norton in his practice, puzzled many people not a little. All that could be got out of Norton was, that he had skinned the fingers of two men, but who they were he would not tell. And when, some months after, it became known that Norton was engaged to be married to Ellen Nathalie, some people were still more puzzled.

The old ladies gave it as their opinion that that girl had been a sly puss all the while. Miss Augusta Stagg said it was a shame for Ellen Nathalie to marry a man who had so shamefully abused her uncle ; and Miss Abigail Prue, next time she saw Dr. Bugbee, said :

'Now, Doctor, do tell me, did n't Ellen's testimony on the trial have something to do with the engagement ?'

'Yes, yes, of course,' replied the doctor ; 'she saved him from the state-prison ; why should n't he love her ? and the fact is, she has persuaded me into the belief that he is a very clever fellow.'

In later years, he used to give a sort of significant grunt when his eye lighted upon a very curious skull which Norton one day brought in. Mrs. Norton thought that he half suspected who it was that had thwarted his plans by putting the victim on his guard, for he occasionally patted her on the cheeks and said :

'All's fair in love, as well as in politics, ain't it, Nelly ?'

A regard for the old gentleman's memory generally leads her, as well as her husband, to gloss over his share in the transaction by saying that he was in his dotage, and misled by others ; but at Norton's little medical parties, he tells with great gusto the story of the three warnings, whereby he was saved from the state-prison and secured to himself a wife and a practice, 'and,' adds one of his guests, 'the faculty of medicine gained a valuable member, and the cause of morality suffered no damage.'

Ellen generally finishes this list of blessings by reminding them that she got a good husband ; and she has no idea of losing him by the same trap from which she has rescued him ; *ergo* she makes him buy his subjects of the New-York resurrectionists, instead of digging them up himself, which is much easier and less hazardous, although even here he is exposed to the law, but takes warning from the past to keep such things out of sight — that's all.

T H E D E A D .

THE dead alone are dear !
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms, and darken all :
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

O N A S H I P F O U N D E R I N G A T S E A .

Not in the field,
Where squadrons charging o'er the dead and dying,
And the gashed victim in his blood is lying,
Life's last-drawn sigh to yield,
Does DEATH, the grisly king, his terrors bear,
Robed in the gloomiest mantle of despair.

The stirring sounds
Of war's tremendous game above him ringing;
The awful thunders, o'er his senses, winging
To thousands more the wounds
Which laid him low, are antidotes to pain,
And smooth his passage to oblivion's reign.

Nor on the couch,
When, through protracted pangs, his pallid fingers
Part, one by one, each fainter hope that lingers,
Brings the fell monarch's touch
Its keenest throb, its agonizing throe,
To free the sufferer from a world of woe.

Around him stand
The loved companions in his hours of pleasure;
Now, with their hearts attuned to sorrow's measure —
A ministering band;
They soothe the pains affection may not heal,
And blunt his dying pangs in those they feel.

'Tis on the wave,
Amid that crowded, dismal, lonely prison,
When hundreds from the ship's strained ribs have risen
To darkness and the grave,
That deepest horrors burst upon the soul,
And wild despair o'ermasters all control.

Athwart the main,
An ocean-barrier to man's world surrounding,
And his frail ark from every blow rebounding,
As surely with the strain
She settles deeper in her watery tomb,
DEATH shrouds the victim with his darkest gloom.

Hope casts no ray
Across the vast expanse of mountain-billows:
The sounding surge which every moment pillows
Still lower on her way
That parting hulk in silence and in night,
Drowns, in its roar, the hundred shrieks of fright.

One awful hour,
And to the fathomless abyss descending,
With winds and waves their wildest discord blending,
No trace will evermore
Reveal the secrets of that living grave,
Where DEATH confronts the beautiful and brave.

Oh! it is there
 That fitly is he named the King of Terrors;
 Elsewhere man dies in hope that some kind bearers,
 Some spirits of earth or air
 Will carry sad memorials to bless
 The mourning objects of his tenderness.

But who shall tell
 The anxious watchers o'er each darkening morrow,
 That harrowing tale to fill their cup of sorrow?
 Who bear the mute farewell?
 Alas! Annihilation rears her head —
 He dies — and, with him, all around is dead!

J. J. W.

Philadelphia, Second Month, 1854.

P A S S I O N - F L O W E R S .

'PASSION-FLOWERS:' BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

MACAULAY tells a story of an Italian convict, who was allowed to take his choice of punishments — to read Guiccardini or go to the galleys. At first, he chose the former, but the 'History of Pisa' was too much for him, and he cried out to be taken to the docks. Something of the feeling which this much-enduring man must have had toward Guiccardini comes over us when we see a book — splendid in blue muslin or crimson morocco, perhaps — lettered on the back, 'Female Poets of America.' So many maidenly and matronly platitudes; so much second-hand finery; so much general prettiness and insipidity of thought, go to make up a book with that name, that we instinctively avoid it. For in spite of the many single poems of great beauty which American women have written, hardly any of our countrywomen, as yet, have shown a good title to the sacred name of poet. In this, as in many other things, we are inferior to our brethren, or rather, our sisters, across the water.

It would seem as if poetry were specially adapted to the nature of woman. Her fine soul, tremblingly alive to all harmony, and catching at those vanishing, unattainable beauties of sound which are apt to escape the ruder ear of man, fits her well for the form, at least, of poetry; while the sea of affection in her heart, when stirred by the strong blasts of passion that sweep over it, ought to find voice, one would think, in true poetical utterances. What poems in themselves are the lives of many women, perhaps of most! And yet, since the days of Sappho, of whom every body talks and few know any thing, how few have been the really great female poets! The very greatest, to our mind, who has ever lived, ennobles our age by her life; the loving wife of one who is himself in high honor among bards. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in spite of great harshness of metre, oftentimes an unconscious pedantry,

and a half morbid recurrence to certain pet themes and forms of expression, seems to us to stand as high as any living poet of either sex. Next to her in her own sex, although widely different, and in some respects very much inferior, we are inclined to place the author of 'Passion-Flowers.'

To many this will seem preposterous; a few will think it scanty praise. Let us then consider the matter a little.

The excellence of Mrs. Browning's poetry springs chiefly from the pure and lofty spirit with which she writes. It is this which gives such value to her overflowing imagination, and her deep love and clear expression of the beauty of nature; this gives smoothness to her verse, or else atones for the want of it. Doubtless there have been women in whom the strictly poetical faculties — the imagination, the quick eye, the love of melodious arrangement, the warm, passionate nature — have all existed in as eminent a degree as in Mrs. Browning. But surely in no woman have they been combined with such noble aspiration, and such force and sweetness of character. The women who have written poetry have sometimes been persons of small intellectual ability, driven to verse by some necessity of their life; sometimes mere intellectual women, with little of the fire of soul needful for a poet. Of the first class we should say were Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Norton; of the second, Hannah More and Joanna Baillie. Above all such writers Mrs. Browning towers in genius, by the union of intellect and passion with high moral and spiritual beauty of character.

Oftentimes one notices in female poets a lack of earnestness and depth of thought, exhibiting a wide contrast to the majority of eminent poets of the other sex. In this respect Mrs. Browning is greatly superior to her rivals; nor is the author of 'Passion-Flowers' wanting in merit of this kind. The topics with which our countrywoman deals, require an elevation of thought far above what the readers of Mrs. Hemans and 'L. E. L.' are called upon to maintain. She has written nothing which has much claim to notice as a work of art; nothing to compare with Mrs. Browning's 'Romanists' and dramas; and it is in these, perhaps, that the latter excels. In the Drama of Exile there is, notwithstanding its many faults, a fine dramatic effect and a beautiful lyric adaptation, which make it not unworthy of comparison with the *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, while in its subject it often reminds one of the *Paradise Lost*. But the author of 'Passion-Flowers,' to judge by what this volume contains, is simply lyrical, and as such, her merit is of a high order.

The true lyric excellence is rarer than any of the requisites of the poet, formidable as is the list of them which Imlac in *Rasselas* enumerates. The power to strike out songs from one's own warm heart, which shall find an echo in the hearts of all who hear, and become a portion of the national literature in this most attractive form, is as enviable as any which HEAVEN has bestowed on the bard; and few, indeed, have ever possessed it. The *Marseillaise* is the finest specimen of the true lyric in the whole range of modern poetry; while Burns is, perhaps, the greatest modern lyric poet. The poems in the volume under notice are not of this highest character. We call them lyrical, because

they are such as the poet, singing from his own breast the songs of love, or sorrow, or indignation, or devotion, as they rise there, would naturally write; because, too, they have a full, musical flow of verse, fitting well to the thought.

The name of the book is well chosen, for through it all there runs a strong under-current of passion, breaking forth now and then in sharp and wild expression. Or if the author intended the symbolical passion-flower as the emblem of her flowers of song, there is a singular beauty in the choice. As that sacred flower, by the very gorgeousness of its hues, makes more intense the sorrowful signal stamped upon it, so does the warm, brilliant life which colors these poems make the sad, sombre thought of many of them more keenly felt. It makes us think of that princess who under her flashing robes wore the heavy cross studded with sharp points, pressed close to her bleeding breast. We feel as we read that these are the revelations of one of those electric natures whose love and disdain, whose joy and grief, are alike keen and thorough. We are constantly reminded of the traditional Sappho, and never more so than in the remarkable poem 'Mid-night,' from which we quote:

'I LOVE to walk the darkness
On the Mid-night's folded arm,
Between Earth's struggling currents
And Heaven's blue depths of calm:

'And prove the ghostly terrors
Which, all too wild for sight,
Throng on the teeming fancy
At the solemn noon of night:

'And mark the mocking contrast
Of the gentle and the loud,
When all the powers of being
To height and crisis crowd.

'For mid-night lends a passion
To all of soul and sense;
The wine-cup grows more maddening,
The music more intense.

'Then swifter whirl the dancers,
And wilder plays the band;
More ruthless throws the gamester
Perdition from his hand.

'The wanton's haggard features
Glow then, through all their paint,
And paler in his rapture
Turns the transfigured saint.

'While the maiden from her lattice
More timidly doth move;
Oh! terrible is Mid-night
With the thought of one we love!'

This is the 'vision and the faculty divine,' unquestionably. How well do the verses suggest the thrilling intoxication of mid-night—the rush of life through the veins of all who drink from that mysterious cup! We wonder that a woman could so well have felt and expressed it. Yet, above all the passionate music of the poem rises the clear, spiritual

tone of the woman's untroubled voice, as in some wild orchestral din, one sweet, reed-like note, growing fuller and fuller, at last overcomes the tumult, and the shrill and loud become hushed before it. Thus she concludes :

'Upon my brow and bosom
Let holy lilies lie,
By the child Jesus gathered
In radiant infancy :

'Then, when the mid-night fever
Rushes through heart and brain,
I hold them here, I press them there,
And God is felt again.'

It is in such a poem as this that we see the immense superiority of a modern poetess over the famous singers of old. Sappho of Lesbos was a woman on fire with passion and conquered by it, wasting both her life and her song on unworthy objects. Our Sappho is a clear-eyed, noble woman, lifting us nearer heaven by the purity of her soul. With such a nature she can treat of themes often left unsung, and, by the tone which she uses, bring them strongly and naturally before us, without incurring the reproach of speaking an unwomanly word. For we can only look with pity and a sort of contempt upon that kind of criticism which taxes her with indelicacy and impiety. There are people, it is said — nice young men with white moustaches, and young ladies of the Caroline Pettitoes order — who complain that the author has spoken too much of herself and her inner life, has ventured to let the secret escape that she has a soul which God made, and a heart wherein human joys and sorrows, in their height and depth, find a home. What an indelicate disclosure ! Doubtless it is the height of refinement to become supremely unconscious of every thing but the elegancies, and frivolities, and respectabilities of life, and to glitter through it like a butterfly or a peacock, without stopping to ask, 'Why do I live ?' And then, when death comes, or, worse still, old age, shall we not walk serenely down the Dark Valley, resting on the prayers of the Reverend Cream Cheese, and keeping in mind the wise saying of a certain French saint of our order : 'Depend upon it, God will think twice before he damns a person of our quality.' Truly, to such people a soul would be a troublesome thing.

Then there is another class who turn away with holy horror whenever our author opens the doors of the inner temple ; those who were made of good stuff by nature, but have been warped and bent aside by conventionality and the follies of fashionable life. These silken critics shake their very proper heads at the thought of a woman who could write 'Mid-night,' or 'Whitsunday in the Church.' They can admire in Mrs. Hemans the delightful way in which she exposes her griefs to the eye of the world ; they revel in the rich pathos of Mrs. Browning, mourning over the lost glories of her childhood, and telling the exquisite story of her love to her lover and the world ; but that a poet so near home, one of their own set, perhaps, should do the like, they cannot endure. No doubt the trees of the forest cry out against any young beech or birch who dares to grow up above the general level, reaching for the light. How the staid old trees and the proper young ones talk

scandal about her as an up-start, tossing their magnificent heads at the idea!

These people (not the trees) forget that this expression of the innermost of thought and feeling is the very life of poetry; that without it, the poet is tame and cold. Especially is this true of a woman who writes poetry, for this inner-life is with her the source and scene of her genius. Into her poems the personal element enters far more largely than into those of men. That wide impartiality and freedom from all trace of personal bias toward this or that type of character which is so remarkable in Shakspeare, is, perhaps, impossible in a woman. At any rate, none has yet manifested it. Their poetry is eminently subjective; and even when they deal with the almost purely objective poetry of the Greeks, as Mrs. Browning and Margaret Fuller have done, they infuse into it a portion of their own spirit. The Antigone and Iphigenia which Margaret Fuller speaks of, are not those whom Sophocles and Euripides brought out on the Athenian stage. Unconsciously the strong womanly nature of this New-England Pythia changed the characters as they came from the hands of the Greek tragedians.

In like manner the author of 'Passion-Flowers' draws every thing that she touches into some sort of relation to herself and her life. Not a poem in the book but has this true woman's mark stamped upon it. Even the one most free from it—'Handsome Harry,' one of the most charming, freshest of sketches—could never have been written by any but a woman. Here are the opening verses:

'Why must we look so oft abaft?
What is the charm we feel
When handsome HARRY guides the craft,
His hand upon the wheel?

'His hand upon the wheel, his eye
The swelling sail doth measure;
Were I the vessel he commands,
I should obey with pleasure.

'Whether he tumbles to the top,
Or in the rigging stands,
I must admire his agile feet,
His ready, willing hands.'

We wish we could quote it entire, so sweet and perfect it is. It might have been written, as we have no doubt it was, on one of those bright days at sea when the ship bounds merrily on from wave to wave, rocking in the gay sun-light that glances from the 'swelling sail' and flashes on the restless ocean.

Different enough from this are those vehement verses, 'From Newport to Rome,' where in every line you feel the fiery meaning burning through the veil of words. Indeed, in many of these poems it is not so much the words which attract notice—they often seem almost commonplace—but somehow the vivid thought *behind* the words forces itself upon your attention. This is a rare merit; for now-a-days poets, for the most part, elaborate the metrical form which they use, and make it in itself musical and pleasing; but the form is not, as it should be, the natural growth of the thought; it has much that is superfluous and without meaning. Emerson says of Shakspeare and the poets of his

age, that the secret of their unequalled rhythm is this : it was the simplest expression which their idea could take ; never redundant or overlaid with foreign ornament. As compared with later poets, this is undoubtedly true of them ; for the defect that comes from using more words than are supported by ideas, is painfully felt in nearly every recent poet. We see the same defect in 'Passion-Flowers,' but in no great degree. Oftener there are not words enough to express the thought fully ; it therefore forces itself through, half unpleasantly. Both faults — although the latter is rather a virtue in these days — sometimes coëxist in the same poem, as in the one called 'Wherefore?' and 'The Death of the Slave Lewis.' But usually there is a singular fitness in the verse to express the thought which it is meant to embody ; a fitness which is not perceived at first, any more than we at first take notice of the nice blending of colors by which the painter sets face or landscape living before us. So, as the picture which at first and always pleases us by its effect, does so still more when we examine it more closely, do these poems grow upon our admiration the more we read them. What seemed at first common-place, or passed without notice, is seen to have a merit above the more ambitious style of the great mass of versifiers. It is the very excellence of which Horace speaks :

— 'Ur sibi quivis
Speret idem, endet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ansus idem.'

It seems as if we could all write poetry as good, so simple is the construction and so easy the language. We have no doubt that many young ladies who take up the book think it inferior to their own warblings, and wonder what it is that people find to admire in it.

But we have not yet alluded to the chief merits of the book before us, which are : its independence, its originality, and its hearty sympathy with the cause of humanity. It shows fewer traces of imitation than any book of the kind which we remember for this long time. Take up the poem of almost any American writer of either sex, and how strongly they hint of Byron, or Shelley, or Tennyson, or Mrs. Browning, or some other pet poet across the water. Lowell tastes of Keats ; Longfellow of Germany and its ballads ; Dana of Coleridge. Why, we are content to hear our men of highest celebrity spoken of as the *American* Wordsworth, the *American* Campbell, and the like, thus acquiescing in what should be our shame. Mr. Mulchinoek, apparently a sensitive, clear-headed working-man, cannot write a poem on the Dignity of Labor, noble as the subject is, and inspiring, without having 'Locksley Hall' and 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere' in his eye as models. Nor can Alice Carey or Mrs. Whitman tell the story of their own life without making you think too often of the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and their author. This is all wrong. No true poet will thus consent to follow in the steps of another, for imitation is fatal to preëminence in any art.

'Passion-Flowers,' as we have said, is clear of all accusations of this kind. You could not say from reading it whether or not the fashionable poets are on the author's shelves ; or whether, like some of her sex, she prefers the sonorous Greek of Homer, and Æschylus, and Pindar to all

the later bards have sung. Our own guess is, that as one of Ben Jonson's characters says, 'Although she speaks no Greek, she loves the sound on 't;' and is not skilled in the classics, notwithstanding a single Greek word which she uses for the title of one of her best pieces, and which is one of the few affectations in the volume. But however this may be, she certainly has not copied her rhythm or her thought from any ancient or modern singer. It is true there are, in many parts of the book, marks of the influence on her religious sentiments and her ways of thinking, which one great New-England mind has exerted; but this influence has been a guide and an impulse, rather than a tyrant to her own spirit. It were hardly possible for a person, living within the sphere of one of the foremost reformers and strongest men of the age, to escape the noble contagion of his character; nor are we sorry to see in this volume such well-deserved tributes to his elevating friendship. Are we in error when we take him to be the 'Royal Guest' of page one hundred and six? At any rate, the poem is a beautiful one; we quote the last half of it:

'Oh! friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lips will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

'Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And blushing, own it is not good enough.

'Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.'

The playful sketch, 'Philosoph Master and Poet-Aster,' cannot be mistaken in its application. With some defects and exaggerations it is a capital hit.

But we are wandering from the subject—the fearless freedom of speech which the book everywhere manifests. This is none the less to be admired because it is so rare in America. Strangely enough, in the freest country of the world there is more timidity and servility in literature than under many a despotic government. The dread of censure, the fear of offending that dear public whom we ought to love well enough to tell it the truth, makes cowards of our writers, from the newspaper editor to the dignified historian, appealing to posterity. It is in America that the author cheerfully takes upon him the unspeakable disgrace of suppressing his written opinions for the sake of conciliating a portion of his countrymen, and goes down on his knees in pitiable penance whenever he is detected expressing his honest sentiments. Even worse than single acts of this kind is the general air of humility and submission to the public, which stifles all frank and plain speech. Socrates, that ancient come-outer, used to call himself the gad-fly of the Athenians, who stung them to do against their will what was just and honorable. Our writers more resemble the 'little busy bee;' they

'GATHER honey all the day
From every opening flower,'

and humbly bring it to the hive for the use of their master, the public ; and if one of them uses his sting, it is sure to be the death of him. Or if he ventures to oppose a popular error, or honestly to maintain what he believes to be true, how the others pounce upon him, buzz about him, and torment him to the extent of their puny power !

Our author spurns this general subordination, and insists, not only on singing her song in her own way, but also on saying what she pleases in her song. We have looked with some curiosity to see her sin visited upon her with the heaviest punishment which the American press can inflict ; but she has hitherto escaped detection, it would seem. It is true, a very commendable change in this particular is taking place among us ; nor do we (being still young) despair of seeing the day when thought shall be as free in democratic America as in England. Never till then shall we have any thing which can rightly be called a national literature.

The crowning excellence of the book is its unwavering devotion to the cause of progress, manifested without parade, yet manly, womanly, and commanding respect even from those who differ from her. Since Margaret Fuller, no countrywoman of ours has so well supported the cause of the brave republicans of Europe. Yet American women have not been cold in their sympathy for Hungarian and Italian liberty. What friend of humanity can ever forget the true-hearted woman who so triumphantly vindicated the cause of Hungary and her hero against the attacks of suspicious and bigoted American critics ? It is with Italy and the Italians that these poems have to do. Warm love for that fair land, endeared to her by so many memories, impels her to cry out against its oppressors with almost an exile's vehemence.

So, too, when she has occasion to speak of the stirring questions which agitate the social and political and theological life of our countrymen — of the New-Englanders especially — she shows a tender, womanly enthusiasm for the cause of justice and mankind. With no little vigor of intellect and comprehensiveness of thought, she aims shrewd blows at what she takes for the fortress of wrong. This will make her book especially dear to those whose side she espouses, while it may, perhaps, offend their antagonists. But one thing is certain : it gives an air of reality and conviction to all she says, which cannot fail to impress the reader.

Of the lesser beauties of the book one could say much. There is a vein of playful satire in some parts, and of trenchant sarcasm in others, both of them admirable. For the first, we may mention, 'Mind *versus* Mill-stream ;' for the other, 'Whitsunday in the Church ;' and 'A Pic-nic among the ruins of Ostia.' Her descriptions are often marvellously beautiful, as that, for instance, in which she tells of her first hearkening to the nightingale, under Italian skies, and amid the splendors of Italian scenery :

'Nor failed the rite of meet antiphony —
I felt the silence holy, till a note
Fell as a sound of ravishment from heaven —
Fell, as a star falls, trailing sound for light ;
And ere its thread of melody was broken,
From the serene sprang other sounds, its fellows,
That fluttered back celestial welcoming.

Astonished, penetrate, too past myself
*To know I sinned in speaking, where a breath,
 Less exquisite was sacrilege, my lips*
 Gave passage to one cry: God! what is that?
 (Oh! not to know what has no peer on earth!)
 And one, not distant, stooped to me and said:
 'If ever thou recall thy friend afar,
 Let him but be commemorate with this hour
 The first in which thou heard'st our nightingale.'"

Of pure description, however, there is very little. Every thing, as has been said, is touched and colored by its relation to herself. Thus, these lovely verses lead the way to a lament for an absent friend:

'THE sweet moon rules the east to-night,
 To show the sun she too can shine;
*From his forsaken cell of night
 She builds herself a jeweled shrine.*

'From mine lone window forth I look
Where the grim head-lands point to sea,
 And think how out between them passed
 The ship that bore my friend from me.'

Countless felicities of expression are there in the volume, as full of meaning and of music as those single-line beauties of Tennyson which every one notices. As these:

'EARTH's martyrs, rapturous, seek the ways he trod,
And lonely virgins, loving him, love God.'

'Oft I think thy hands caress me
 With each object that they yield.'

'The hollow chorus of the cough
 Followed each word she strove to speak.'

'Like child divine to mortal maid,
 My gift is full of awe to me.'

'Yet when I see him at the helm
With heaven about his eyes.'

'I wandered, while the flow of song
Made Reason drunken through the ear.'

'The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.'

Neither are these the results of labor and a striving for effect, but they have an appearance of ease, as if said without premeditation.

The strength of religious feeling shown in many of the poems is not their least attraction. Among the many we notice especially 'Santa Susanna,' 'The Dead Christ,' and the concluding piece. In fact, the whole book is marked by a fervid religious character, as the work of one to whom the ideas of God and Duty are familiar and clear.

It remains to speak of the faults of the book — by no means a faultless one. There is too little variety in this large collection; too frequent reference to certain favorite topics. This is true of the matter, and the same may be said of the manner. The verse sometimes becomes monotonous and wearies the reader. Then there is some meddling with metres which are evidently unmanageable; such as the pitiable hexametre of 'Wherefore.' And although the language is, for the most part, pure and vigorous English, there are a few instances of a remarkable use of words. Perhaps 'Socdologer' (page 129) may be allowed

in consideration of the character of the poem, but it is a sad stumbling-block to young ladies and others. There is a touch of affectation, too, in some of the titles.

But in comparison with the many beauties of the book, its faults seem trivial. We hail with joy its appearance, not only as introducing us to a poet of power and originality, but because it is a work of which we may be proud as Americans. It owes its birth to influences which are wholly American; it faithfully adheres to the American idea; nor can it be mistaken for the work of any but a true American woman. Our country might well afford to be represented abroad by such as she has shown herself to be.

And who is she? The book is published anonymously, but the author is understood to be the wife of an honored citizen of Massachusetts, famous for his early heroism in the cause of Greece, and for his more recent and more arduous labors in behalf of the blind and the unfortunate of every class. He has won for himself a name nobler than that of the warrior or the politician: she, too, may now claim her share of fame, and well maintain the honor of the name which she bears by marriage.

R E M E M B R A N C E S . .

Do you remember
One that wandered at your side,
In the dusk of even-tide,
Many months ago,
While the snow
Yet lingered in the valley green?

The ember
Smoulders on the hearth unseen
Throughout the weary day,
When those for whom it kindled first
Are far away;
Thus I remember.

For thee
The skies are calm and bright;
And to thy far-off sun-set shall
Succeed a starry night;
But we
Shall be
Apart on Life's unresting sea.

Like to an isle in tropic seas,
For ever fair,
Thy life shall stand;
While me,
The storm or summer breeze
Alike shall bear
Yet farther from the land,
Till some to-morrow's dawning light
Shall glance upon the troubled wave,
And here and there reveal a spar
Tossed high above an ocean grave.

SIGMA

THE COMPLAYNTE ON MEN AND WOMEN.

I WALKE this wearie worlde, untill
 My feete are growing sore,
 In searche of those I heard were here
 In happie daies of yore.
 Sunne after sunne its fellowe seekes;
 Nyghte followes after nyghte;
 And lyngerynge in the pathe of weekes,
 The yeares are taking flyghte:
 But yet I knowe not if the Goode,
 The Beautifulle and Brave,
 Are feynynges of the fancie, or
 Are sleeppyng in the grave.

Were JONATHANE and DAVID but
 A fygment of the brain;
 Was RUTHE amid the alien corne
 A sweete poetick strain?
 Was SAULSBURY'S noble wife a dream,
 And SYDNEY'S fame a songe,
 That chaunced to catche the common ear,
 Survivynge thus as longe?

Ah! who can telle! But looke arounde,
 And watche the buddynge girle,
 Her masque of Beautie, sheltered by
 An artyfyciall curl.
 The verie smile, desygnd of GODDE
 To marke a happie soule,
 By facile muscles tutored to
 Her undisturbed controlle.
 The speeche of youthe and innocence
 For ever on her lippes;
 The sunlyghte on her face the whyle
 Her hearte is in eclypse.

Who is her tutor? All her youthe
 In solitude she spente;
 The calme of seemynge innocence,
 The manner of contente,
 I woulde have thoughte that if on earth
 The angells ever came,
 One wanderynge from the spirit-lande
 Had answered to her name.

What is her goale? A happie lyfe?
 A hearte from sorrow free?
 To bear the name of tender wyfe,
 If wyfe she ever be?
 What is her aime? An open hande?
 A steppe to sorrowe knowne?
 A comforte to the fatherlesse,
 Left naked and alone?

This is a storie of the past;
 Our women, wyser growne,
 Their face and figures plastick keepe,
 But turne their heartes to stone.
 And wherefore not? The summer-daie,
 In which these flyes disporte,
 With some to-morrow dies away;
 Their happiness is sporte.
 Unfunde the honie in the flowere,
 Unfunde the gilded halle;
 They frette awaye their little houre,
 And then, unnoticed, falle.

T H I N G S R E M E M B E R E D .

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

On the day appointed, I presented myself in my new parish. My personal effects were contained in two trunks, one of which held my books, the other an equal number of shirts and sermons. I certainly was not a rich parson; nor was there the slightest possible prospect of my becoming so. I was the owner, however, of what riches cannot buy — a happy heart.

My people were good-natured and well-intentioned. They met me with an honest shake of the hand, and with a cordial invitation to their tables and to their hearth-stones. They were not enough in the world to be very worldly; nor of sufficient assumption to be very critical. They were good neighbors, with this single exception: that they *would* feel slighted, if I did not accept their invitations to tea. And then they had such queer things for tea! I remember to have seen once, on one table, for four guests, a huge beef-steak, three stewed chickens, ten fried sausages, a dish of roasted potatoes, three kinds of cake, four kinds of preserves, and five kinds of pickles! An early tea of this sort, after a late dinner, was something of an obstacle. Nothing in my parochial work did I dread as much as these tea-necessities. But I got used to them in time, and managed to perform my expected duty at the tea-table by abstaining from my dinner upon tea-days. I must add, also, that my people were good parishioners, with this single exception: that they *would* adhere to the notion — which notion settled finally into a belief — that, in the matter of temporalities, I was provided for in the same way as was Elijah — through the agency of ravens. At first, I thought that this was an innocent theological fancy on their part; but time undeceived me. I only remained with them till I experienced that the *ravens* were the *fancy*. Nor did they blame me for going; but rather blamed the ravens for not coming. I left them still in a state of expectation that the ravens would finally come.

Some things that happened while I remained in that parish, I will narrate. And FIRSTLY, (as some preachers say,) was my visit to

THE SICK PAINTER.

HE was named John. His familiars, in token of their appreciation of his good-nature, and to show the geniality of their affection, called him JOHNTY. They did not intend this as a nick-name, but merely as a fond term of endearment. He was a jolly, dumpling-shaped man, with a great, round, rosy face, and large protuberant blue eyes, who always laughed in all sorts of weather, and always attended all the funerals. He was an Odd-Fellow, and a 'Sonny'; which latter was the vernacular for a Son of Temperance. He did not set up for a wise man, nor did he ever attempt philosophical conversation. He knew what he knew; and he could say more, if he wanted to. It was unfortunate for him that he happened to have been born and brought up before the school-house was built; but certainly, no blame, on this account, is to be laid at his door. Had he been imprisoned six hours a day in a school-room, and been once a week well flogged by a master, he might have turned out a historical, instead of a house-painter. However, he was a useful man in the village; somewhat lazy, it is true; but always willing and desirous to paint, if he was driven by any necessity.

As I was returning home one Sunday afternoon of a pleasant summer-day, inhaling the sweet fragrance that the south-wind was bringing from the clover-fields, and stopping now and then to watch the young wheat in its graceful wavings, and meditating upon whatever came of itself into my mind, I was suddenly informed that Johnty was 'werry' ill, and wished me to 'wisit' him. I hastily retraced my steps, and knocked gently at Johnty's door. The opened door admitted me immediately into his presence. He was lying in one corner of the darkened room, upon a couch of domestic manufacture, which had been stained by his own hands, with an intention of imitating either mahogany, or rose-wood, or black walnut, I could not tell which; although he knew, I suppose. He was packed under blankets, over which was spread a patch-work quilt, that must have far surpassed in variety of color even Joseph's coat. Around him were sitting six female relatives, in a crescent of chairs that had been gaily ornamented by his inventive brush. I inquired as to the nature of his illness, and was answered that he was 'werry' sick with painter's colic, and that the Doctor had been in to see him. I said that it was my custom, when sent for to visit the sick, always to have prayers. The sick man responded, in a good, healthy voice, from underneath his blankets, 'I am a praying man.' I said at once, 'Let us pray.' Imagine my surprise, at seeing the sick man leap out of bed with full activity of limb, and, as I thought at the time, and still think, not with a proper regard for modesty — although, in some vicinages, clothes are mere conventualities — and kneel down with us. As soon as I had finished praying, he dexterously snuggled himself again beneath the flashy drapery of the quilt. Of course, it was expected by all, that I should say something. I did not disappoint them, although the sick man did me, as his reply will make evident. I said to him, 'that in a day or two, he would in all probability, be out again; that he ought to improve religiously these few days that confined him to his bed and house; that they were days pro-

videntially furnished him for reviewing his past life, and for repenting of his sins, and for preparing for that final sickness which would end in death.' This I repeated, in substance, once or twice; and concluded by saying, 'that it was always good for us to be withdrawn, by slight sicknesses, from our temporal business, provided that we occupied ourselves in praying, and in holy reading, and in thoughts about things eternal; that I had no doubt but that, as he was a praying man, this short sickness would do him good.' 'Yes, Sir,' he answered, 'I'm sure it will. Ever since spring set in, I've been *awfully bilious*!'

SECONDLY :

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

I HAD left my study, and was sitting before a blazing oak-wood fire, in what was properly called, *once* a day, the dining-room. It was, in fact, breakfast-room, and tea-room, and sitting-room, and parlor. There were but two rooms on the lower floor, in addition to a kitchen. Owing to a small mistake on the part of the mason — and I have had a dislike for masons ever since — the parlor was uninhabitable in the winter. It was a Siberia on a small scale. I never went into it, that I did not expect to encounter a white bear. The mason had built the chimney, as I think, in an inverted position. Nothing could induce the smoke to go up it. The draught was always down — *furiously* down; and, under its tyranny smoke, and flame, and ashes, were compelled into our parlor. The only remedy was to open wide the three windows, and that defeated the end for which the fire was kindled. Therefore, I was sitting in the dining-room.

The month was December. The hour was that contemplative hour between day-light and dark. Outside, the snow was falling fast, and whitening every tree, and roof, and field; and giving promise for the morrow of the merry sleigh and the jingling bells. The knock of a whip-handle called me to the door. It was not a downright bold knock. There was a tremulousness about it, as though the knocker was in mental agitation. 'Good evening, Sir,' I said; 'walk in.' We shook hands. People always shake hands in the country. There was a tremulousness about his shake. It was a half-convulsive shake. He kicked his feet a few times against the step, and walked in. There was a tremulousness about his kick. I placed a chair for him before the fire. He sat down in a nervous way. I took his whip *first*, and deposited that in a corner, beyond his reach — for I did not know what his intentions might be — and then I took his hat. He drew off his gloves very nervously. He had not spoken up to this time. Designing to give him opportunity to collect himself, I looked out of the window, and discovered that he had tied a horse, with the appendage of a covered wagon, to the lofty liberty-pole that the patriotic villagers had elevated opposite my door, in order to keep Fourth of July. I returned to my chair; but still he said nothing. Can he be a bringer of bad news? I thought. Has he any evil purpose? I looked to see that the whip was where I put it. Can he be a travelling preacher? a tract-colporteur? Can he be the sheriff? I observed that he was attired in his best suit; that his boots had recently had a brush with Day and Martin; that his hair had been perseveringly combed and glossed; that his

collar was stiff from extra starch; that his cravat-tie had been long labored at.

‘Have you driven far?’ I asked.

He answered, ‘yes.’

‘Perhaps,’ I added, ‘you wish to see me on business of a private nature.’

He answered, ‘yes;’ but it was a timid yes.

‘Please walk up into my study,’ I said.

I gave another glance at the whip, to satisfy myself that it had not been disturbed, and guided him up a very steep, break-neck stair-case. He sat himself down, and looked most intently at a knot-hole in the floor, that could not be covered in consequence of the diminutive size of my carpet. What does he see in that hole? I wondered. What can be the mystery of all this silence? I was beginning to grow nervous myself. I said to him, ‘It has been a cold day.’ He replied, ‘yes.’ I hazarded an additional remark, that it was snowing. He replied, ‘yes.’ He adhered to this monosyllable like a new plaster to a rheumatic back. A polysyllable from him would have been a luxury. I concluded that it was now his turn to take the lead in conversation; and so I looked at the knot-hole. I had never before discovered that it was a hole of interest. He drew forth, or rather twitched out of his pocket, a red handkerchief, redolent with domestic cologne, and disposed it across his knees. He then repeated to me the information that I had but just conveyed to him. ‘It has been a cold day.’ I returned him his ‘yes.’ ‘It is snowing outside.’ I returned him another ‘yes’; and again he was curious about the knot-hole.

I hope that I was not hasty in my determination to bring things to a crisis. Full twenty minutes had elapsed since the knock of the whip. ‘You wished to see me on business of a private nature,’ I said: ‘can I serve you in any way?’ Out came again his old monosyllable. I ventured upon calling him friend. ‘My friend, will you please state to me your business?’ It seemed as if the knot-hole had grown larger from being looked at by our four eyes, so long and so steadily. He actually articulated — or, what will better describe his mode of utterance, jerked a *sentence*: ‘I WANT TO BE MARRIED!’ Perhaps my impatient ardor to behold his wish gratified, caused me to be somewhat premature with my next question. ‘Where,’ I asked, ‘is the lady?’ Oh! what romance was in his answer! ‘SHE’S OUTSIDE, IN THE WAGON!’

THIRDLY:

THE VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER.

I was sauntering along the roadside, one cloudless and fragrant May-morning, querying with myself what I should preach about on the next Sunday. I always aimed at ascertaining what I wanted to preach about; for I remembered that when it was my place to hear sermons, instead of preaching them, nothing made me more nervous than the discovery that the preacher knew no more what he wanted to preach about than the helmsman of a canal-boat knows about the navigation of an East-India ship; no more than a man who rakes oysters knows about harpooning whales. Across my path a little reptile, of about

two feet longitude, and a trifle larger round than a harpoon-line, had stretched himself to enjoy the luxury of being shined on by the sun. I am not so 'notioned' as to think that a man must kill every snake he chances to meet, in order to show his hatred of the devil. Killing snakes, I always thought, was a cruel kind of Christian treatment. I had determined, after I had looked at him enough for my curiosity, to cross the road and leave him undisturbed in his feast upon the sun-shine. Whether he was ignorant of that established proverb, which concedes to a *cat* the right of *looking* at a *king*, I am unable to say. I think that he was. At any rate, he seemed to regard my looking at him, as an inexcusable impertinence. He showed every symptom of great rage. His eyes flashed fire; he darted out his tongue; he flattened his head; and made at me, evidently for fight. A broken rail being conveniently at hand, I assisted him in his head-flattening process.

In the village was a young English chemist, who was very curious about snakes. To gratify his innocent curiosity, I denied myself of my walk; and securing the snake to a string by a 'clove-hitch'—I always carry a string in my pocket—I turned back, dragging his snakeship after me in triumph; something as Achilles dragged Hector.

The laboratory was opposite the village store. Wishing to call the snake by his right name, when I should exhibit him to the chemist, I introduced him into the store. The VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER was there, sitting very philosophically upon the counter, and at his old and expert business of doing nothing. Life, with him, consisted in perpetual sitting upon *that* counter, and expressing to every one who would listen, *his views* upon every subject that was within the reach of the human mind. I addressed my interrogatory to him: 'Is this an adder?' He answered promptly: 'No: that snake's no adder. He's a *wiper*.' An opportunity was given him to express *his views*. He seized it with that rapidity with which a terrier-dog seizes a rat. Oh! that I might have listened to him in a grove! It would have been so Athenian-like! so quietly Grecian! so richly classical! However, the *true* philosopher is as much at home in a grocery-store, as was Plato in his academy-garden, or as Diogenes in his tub. It has always been a question with me, whether that tub was a mammoth tub, or whether Diogenes was a small philosopher. He certainly was not an economical philosopher, or he never would have gone about the country, carrying a lighted lantern in the day-time; although, perhaps, this was only an eccentric freak on his part. Most philosophers have been eccentric. Democritus laughed all the time. Heraclitus wept all the time. Aristotle walked while he was discoursing. Not that eccentricities are to be limited to philosophers. Demosthenes, although only an orator, was peculiarly eccentric. To cure himself of stuttering, he McAdamized his mouth. Occasionally, for two or three months together, he would burrow underground, like a rabbit, that he might not be interrupted in his studies; and would shave one side of his head, that he might be ashamed to be seen on the surface.

The VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER was eccentric. He wore an eccentric hat; smoked an eccentric pipe. His diet was eccentric. He would eat frogs, and fresh-water turtle; preferred a raw turnip to an apple;

invariably, if he could get them, ate buckwheat-cakes at bed-time; and always took two drinks of apple-jack and bitters before breakfast. But he was chiefly eccentric in his *views* of things.

The 'wiper' was lying on the floor, as dead as a hammer, or a door-nail. I employ this comparison because it is universal; although I must confess that I have never been able to ascertain satisfactorily why utter extinction of life should be symbolized by a hammer and a door-nail. I have sometimes thought that the notion might have come from that story about Jael — Heber's wife — driving a nail with a hammer into Sisera's temple. There is a difficulty, I am aware, in the way of this solution. The nail happened to be a tent-pin. But no man of generous mind and noble aspiration will make a mountain out of such a mole-hill!

The philosopher looked at the 'wiper,' and then at me. It was an inquisitive look, and was followed immediately by this quasi-question:

'I suppose you think that snake is dead?'

I replied that I rather supposed he was.

'Well, he is n't,' was the rejoinder, with something of philosophic tartness at my being so decided in opinion. 'You preachers think you know a good deal, and perhaps you do, about that old snake that crawled into Eden: but I've never seen one of you who knew much about snakes in general. Going to college, and studying books, is n't every thing. There must be *observation*. That snake is n't dead, I tell you; and he won't be till sun-down. I guess you've never heard my *views* about snakes?'

I answered 'no;' with that rising inflection of voice, which implied that it would give me pleasure to hear them. He caught at once the signification of the inflection, and went on to express his views.

'I lay it down as a fact,' he said, 'that heat is the principle of animal life. You stick a bullock, or chop off a chicken's head, or lance a man (the cannibal!) — and you find that the blood of all is hot.'

I suggested, 'red-hot.' But he was too serious for playfulness.

'Now, as soon as the blood has run out, the bullock dies; not, as most people think, from loss of blood, but, as I tell you, from loss of heat. And this is proved by the fact, that the bullock grows cold when he is dead; which could not happen, except from absence of heat. The blood generates the heat. It is a kind of stove, inside the animal.'

I suggested, whether the simile of steam-pipes would not be in better analogy with the arterial system, than that of a stove. But he was not in the sportive vein.

'Do I understand you to say,' I asked, 'that the bullock does not bleed to death, but chills to death?'

'That's just my view, exactly,' was the answer. 'Heat, as I told you, is the principle of life. Take away the blood which gives out the heat, and death follows because of cold.'

I instanced, as being to the point, the case of a man freezing to death. There was no loss of blood attending such a death.

His reply was, that the case established the correctness of his *views*; and also added, that he thought I was coming round to his side. Here, he made a small digression from his argument. 'I tell you what;' he

said ; 'it's mighty hard work to talk with some folks in this *village*. They haven't no learning, nor no faculty of *observation*. They've got such thick skulls that you ca n't beat no ideas into 'em. They don't never know when they're *convinced*. It always does me good to talk to a man that is n't so confoundedly ignorant as not to know when to knock under. You preachers generally have some understanding.' I felt flattered.

Just then, a clock that was perched up in a corner of the store, gave information that the hour — eleven — had arrived. The philosopher asked to be excused for a minute, assigning as a reason for this digression of another sort, that he must go home and tell his 'woman' what to cook for dinner. He lived only one door off. It was a very good excuse, but one that was calculated to deceive. I knew that his mind was not on his *dinner*. He had an eccentric habit of always being at home at eleven o'clock, A.M., unless he was in the tavern. Always, at that hour, he diluted two fingers of water with three fingers of apple-jack, and a sprinkle of bitters, which dilution he swallowed without sugar. I excused him.

Having indulged in his eccentricity, the refreshed philosopher returned, and resumed the narration of his views.

'Now, it is *verry* different with that 'wiper' from what it is with a bullock. *He is cold-blooded*. All snakes are. He has no stove inside. He is kept alive by heat that comes from the outside. You remember the story about the man who put what he thought was a *dead* 'wiper' into his bosom. The 'wiper' *revived* as soon as he got warm. Which goes to show that snakes depend on heat from the outside to keep *themselves* alive. And the reason why they lie '*dorminant*' during winter, and come to life in spring is, that the sun is n't hot enough for them in the winter. So that, just as long as the sun shines on that 'wiper,' he'll keep alive. But when the sun sets, he'll have to die, because of the want of heat.'

I complimented him on the originality of his views, and started from the store, to trail my snake over to the chemist. He evidently thought that he had triumphed, and that I had knocked under. He said at parting : 'Now, when you get home, you look at your books, and see if my views a' n't right. You may be first-rate at preaching, but you have n't seen snakes as I have. You preachers get your views second-hand ; out of books. But some people gets theirs first-hand ; by actual *observation*. You have read how Galileo, and Columbus, and Newton, and Franklin, and Fulton got their views. *I'm* one of *that* sort of men who observe for themselves !'

This extreme modesty on the part of the philosopher, prompted me to take him down a peg or two, which I did. I said :

'If this viper must die, for the reason you state, after sundown, how will the rest of snakes manage to keep alive ?'

He looked at me ; he looked at the snake ; he looked at the sky ; he looked at the ground. He felt the contents of both his pockets, with both his hands. He frowned his brow. But it was no use. He had to come to it. He had to knock under.

'I wow !' he said ; 'I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. CUSS THE SNAKES !'

N A T I V E L A N D .

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

WHAT leads the daring soldier o'er the world,
With warlike music, and with flag unfurled?
What holds him still contented in the rude,
Rough cabin, pitched by some o'erarching wood?
Oh! 'tis the love, the steadfast love GOD sows
In every breast through which life's current flows;
The love of home, of sacred native land,
Where'er it be, where'er its bounds expand:
Poor though its soil, and drear its icy shores,
'Gainst which all bleakly Ocean ceaseless pours;
A frozen Lapland, where no sun-beam shoots
To gild the leaves, and flush the golden fruits,
But one vast landscape of the snows and sleet
Wraps the dead earth in its pale winding-sheet;
Still, 'tis the soil the dweller calls his own,
Nor would exchange it for a despot's throne.

What though the shrill remorseless northern gale
Sighs o'er his hut with melancholy wail;
And the gaunt wolves, a fierce terrific throng,
Gnash their white fangs, and dismal howls prolong?
Safe still he smiles, 'mid all his little flock,
Nor heeds their rage, nor yet the tempest's shock.

What though brief sun-shine warms the Arctic year,
Nor dews descend, the flowery meads to cheer?
Still lends the moon her lustre to the scene,
And Northern-Lights display their lamps serene:
Though quick the skies the radiant sun-beams lose,
Still, hues of twilight long the clouds suffuse,
And well suffice to light the fisher's skiff,
In the salt tides that chafe the Bothnian cliff.
Happy the Lapland mountaineer doth seek
His game, when star-light tints each frosty peak:
Enwrapped with furs, he safely guides his sledge
By black fir-forest, and the piny ledge.

Lo! the poor child of Labrador's pale coast,
In leaky boat tempestuously tossed,
Plies his hard trade, and sings that GOD is good,
To load his nets, and send his children food.

Well doth he love his bleak, inclement home,
Enchained with frosts, and lashed with icy foam;
Inured to toil, contented he partakes
His blubber dainties, and his train-oil cakes;
Shares with his imps the sea-calf's tasteless meat,
And deems each morsel a luxurious treat.

In softer climes, beneath the blazing line
 Where ardent heats prolific powers combine,
 In human hearts the same affections flow;
 The love of country kindles still its glow:
 No soul so dead, no mind so crushed and vile,
 As not to bloom beneath its country's smile!

Far where the blue Caribbean billows beat
 The yellow Mexic sands with trampling feet;
 Where Nature pours from an o'er-brimming horn
 Her affluent gifts, the region to adorn,
 The dark-hued Indian drowsily reclines
 By shadowed streams, beneath luxuriant vines;
 Doomed to light toil, where thick the honeyed fruit
 Invites his taste from many a burdened shoot;
 Where ripe bananas and the orange pour
 Around his hut their free delicious store;
 And the rough cactus yields its juicy pear,
 And guavas lavish perfumes on the air.

'T is a fair land! where plants of matchless dyes
 Paint all the soil, as rain-bows streak the skies;
 A solemn land! where forests rise sublime,
 In whose lone depths soft falls the foot of Time;
 Enchanted land! whose mountain-summits glow
 With the clear lustre of eternal snow;
 Whose vapory cones volcanic flames display,
 To heaven's blue dome continual incense pay.

A realm in whose grand wilderness abound
 Vast wrecks of grandeur, temple, shrine, and mound;
 Ruins that tell a nobler race possessed,
 In unknown times, this Eden of the West;
 Yet, no tradition record doth bestow,
 Whereby their names and histories we may know:
 We pause, o'erawed, by Uxmal's fallen gate,
 And vainly ask the Indian of their fate!

Reigns o'er that land a weak, untutored race,
 With minds obscured by Superstition's trace:
 The simple Aztec still 's as mere a child,
 As when the host of CORTES swept the wild:
 His pride 's abased, for MONTEZUMA's hall
 Rings where the conqueror revels in the ball:
 Yet love of country still delights his heart;
 His first affection — latest to depart!

Late, when the stern invader from the North,
 His serried files and glittering ranks led forth,
 The poor swart Indian grasped his father's spear,
 And strove to check the conqueror's career;
 But vain his strife o'er Palo-Alto's plain,
 And vain the strife along the mountain-chain.
 The fiery Saxons, by their hero led,
 Strewed Buena-Vista's rocky pass with dead,

In desperate fight beat down the Mexic brand,
And marched triumphant o'er the prostrate land.

So the poor serf from Affric's distant shores,
Sighs for his home, his hapless lot deplores;
Think ye, he hath no longing forth to roam
Beyond the blue seas, to his father's home?
No yearning thrill of transport to explore
The pleasant windings of his native shore?
Turn not in fancy oft his truant feet
To some sequestered, well-beloved retreat,
Where groves of spicy cinnamon and palm
Load the sweet air with aromatic balm?

Doth he not oft, in fancied vision, view
The very stream his early childhood knew,
Still dashing o'er its colored sands and stones,
With its light laugh, its well-remembered tones;
Have years of absence from his mind effaced
The tints of yore, on Memory's tablet traced?

May he forget the high-branched sycamore
That cast its wavering shadows by the door;
The straw-thatched roof, where first the dawning light
Of being glimmered on his infant sight?
Forget the white-haired, patriarchal sire,
His sportive brethren, with their looks of fire,
His mother's song, sung when the skies grew pale,
And evening-shadows deepened in the vale?
He ne'er forgets! nor, from his human heart
May holy loves nor sympathies depart.

When wandering 'long a foreign river's bank,
Where strange flowers bloom, and unknown plants grow rank,
He turns, in thought, to Niger's brimming floods,
Fringed with green pastures, belted thick with woods;
Thinks of old Gambia's foamy course with pride,
Of Congo's windings, Senegal's clear tide;
And fain would tread their bordering sands of gold,
And cleave their waters as in days of old.

Oh! that his nervous limbs might yet again
Urge his wild horse exultant o'er the plain!
Oh! that again his toil-strong arm might wield
The mighty club and shell-embosséd shield!
Oh! that his hand, unshackled, might enclasp
The crooked war-blade in its iron grasp!
Oh! that with manly courage he might brave
The robber-tribe that basely made him slave!

Vain thought! vain hope! an exile doomed to roam,
His dying breath sighs forth the name of home!

I S L A N D S K E T C H E S .

IMPRESSIONS OF JAMAICA, AND OF KINGSTON IN PARTICULAR.

I WAS up with the sun this morning. Last night the full moon shone beautifully in the starry heavens. We had music, and dancing, and singing on board. All were merry and full of glee. Now, all is changed. The sun has mounted his beamy throne, and his golden rays are dancing on the blue mountains of Jamaica. Fleecy clouds are rolling around the dark tops of the highest peaks, while I am gliding along the coast of the land so celebrated for piratical depredations and negro insurrections.

The island is one hundred and fifty miles long, and about fifty miles in breadth. The range of mountains, extending nearly the whole length of the colony, is truly grand and picturesque. The loftiest summit is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is worth a journey from New-York to behold such a scene. Shortly after sun-rise, we took a black pilot on board, and after passing the point where once stood the beautiful city of Port-Royal, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692, we reached Kingston, this world-renowned city of moral and commercial decay, about ten o'clock A.M. While at the wharf, negro boys came swimming about the vessel, crying piteously for dimes. The passengers would throw small silver coins into the water, and with the alacrity of pelicans, down went these black fellows after the prize. Nearly naked, and all bare-footed, some eighty or ninety women, black, dirty, and shining with grease, stood ready to carry in the coal for the steamer. Rank and file, and singing, or rather *yelling*, yet keeping time as they go, (each one bearing a round bucket of coal upon her head,) they march up one gangway with a stately strut, and delivering their load into the hold as they pass, they march down another in the most perfect order. Such an exhibition of tatterdemalion wretchedness and human degradation I was unprepared to witness. Leaving this sickening scene, I left the steamer 'to see what I could see.' On every hand were importunate beggars, that beggar description in all that is revolting and disgusting to humanity.

Jamaica is called the Island of Springs. By others she is designated the Queen of the Antilles, and as being the brightest jewel in the crown of England. Respecting her mineral springs, there are four, somewhat noted for their healing virtues in cases of bronchitis, rheumatic, pulmonary, and cutaneous affections, viz.: Bath, St. Faith's, Silver-Hill, and Milk-River Bath. There are marvellous stories told of people living to a great age in those districts. I presume Methusalem would have been living still had he been a partaker of their waters of life. Were Jamaica called the *blackest* instead of the *brightest* jewel in the British crown, I could perfectly appreciate the truth of the poetical appellation. Can it be that prostrate commerce, ruined

plantations, ignorance, sloth, vice, and prostitution form the boasted jewel of the crown of England? The glory of Jamaica has departed. The sun of her prosperity has gone down. Religion itself is on the wing, and a general gloom pervades this interesting land. Education is neglected, and the school-houses are melancholy ruins. The planters are leaving the country with disgust, and the settlers generally are sunk in apathy and sloth. The blacks crowd into the towns, and are too lazy to work. Every house seems to be crumbling away. Not a new habitation can be seen. Was it to produce this state of things that the British people, through a mistaken philanthropy, paid twenty millions of pounds sterling? I will not stop here to inquire into the cause of this general ruin. However, the Emancipation Bill of 1833 commenced the work of destruction, and the Sugar Duties Bill of 1846 successfully accomplished what the other had left incomplete.

Jamaica has been in the possession of the British since 1665. It is divided into three counties, viz.: Middlesex, Surry, and Cornwall, and these are subdivided into twenty-two parishes. The legislature consists of the Governor and a council of eleven members appointed by the British Government, and a House of Assembly of forty-seven representatives, who are chosen by the people. The population, ten years ago, amounted to three hundred and seventy-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-three, and out of that number, there were only nine thousand, two hundred and eighty-nine white males, and six thousand, four hundred and eighty-seven white females. There are about forty thousand in Kingston, about three thousand of which are white. The houses generally have a mean look. They are not more than two stories high, and have no chimney-tops. The streets are narrow and dirty, and abounding with a dwarfish race of hogs. I should judge, from their starved appearance, that they would leave but little for the poor buzzards, that hover over this tropical city, to pick up. The asses and the mules have the same famished air, and the horses are lucky whose skins perfectly cover their bony protuberances. The chickens have a similar aspect of want, and their feathers fail to conceal their nakedness. The rats, however, seem to be of a superior breed, and are large and fat. The dilapidated state of the buildings gives them easy access to the pantries; and, like their unscrupulous race every where, they indulge in their thieving propensities, and help themselves 'before their betters.' They seem to enjoy the blessings of the Emancipation Act as well as the negroes, and are bold in their independence. In point of intelligence the one is but a little elevated above the other. There is one striking difference between the races, and even it may be attributable to the imperfect gift of speech which the black enjoys over the rat. The rat, professionally a thief, can only *steal*, having no loftier pretensions; and is subject to no moral or criminal law, and feels perfectly safe in his depredations, unless caught in the act of stealing, or in some trap, (which the knowing ones studiously avoid;) while the negro will not only *steal* when opportunities offer, but meanly *beg*, instead of working for an honorable living, in a land where labor is so much in demand.

I saw the horses of the island that were booked for the race which was to come off on the following day. Being the property of gentle-

men, they looked as if they had 'life and mettle in their heels,' and not like the harnessed skeletons that belong to the city, whose owners modestly charge two dollars and a half per hour for the use of one of them. The negroes who come into Kingston from the country, in their own conveyances, have a respectable air, and look fat and contented. They are polite and courteous in their manner, and much respected by the white population. The policemen are black, some of the judges and legislators are black, and the city barracks are filled with black soldiers, who wear red coats. The *white* soldiers of Queen Victoria occupy a more salubrious position, on the brow of a mountain, distinctly seen from the city. Some of the negroes of the city follow the stranger and beg of him to relieve their wants, while others, with shirts, handkerchiefs, straw-hats, and other commodities for sale, annoy one at every step he takes. Another class sell the fruits of the island. All seem to be dealers but the beggars. There are only a few good stores, and one or two decent-looking hotels in the place. So heavily do the rains fall occasionally, that the streets leading down to the docks are not only unpaved, but so scooped out, that they seem like so many channels of dried-up rivers. During the rains, the waters rush down them with an impetuous velocity. Hogs, rats, and chickens are frequently swept away in the rushing currents. It is with difficulty the mule, or his half-brother, the jackass, can ford the street-rapids of Kingston. Some of the flounder-footed negroes carry people across for a small compensation.

I visited the suburbs of Kingston, where some of the gentry reside. I entered some of the gardens, and was politely shown around. Here are to be seen growing all the choicest fruits of the tropics. Here all is beauty and luxuriant magnificence. The trees and the flowers are in bloom, and the high-ways are redolent of perfumes. Here are impenetrable hedges of the cactus-tribe, from twelve to sixteen feet high, extending for miles on each side of the road. If the Paradise of our first parents was more inviting and enchanting than the gardens of Jamaica, I do not wonder at our ancient mother partaking of 'the forbidden fruit which brought death into the world, and all our woe.' Flowers of every hue greet the eye, and trees are hung with tropical fruits in tempting profusion. Here hang in clusters the bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, pine-apples, plantains, custuds, granadillas, pomegranates, and figs. Here grow, in all their beauty and perfection, the exotics of our northern conservatories. Some of them are daily watered by artificial means, but with that little attention from man they have no other nurse but the genial sun, and no other covering but the skies. A few of the gardens have marble fountains, that still mix their waters with the odors around. Nymphs and Venuses, with a few dismembered saints, adorn the flowery walks. One may see a saint without a head, and a Venus without a leg. In a shell-encircled basin stands a figure of old Neptune, with a broken trident in his hand. Those statues may not have been sculptured by a Phidias or a Powers, but they show evidence of a taste and refinement of by-gone times. Oh! it is deplorable to behold Neglect aiding in the triumph of Decay. The marble fountains will soon cease to play, and the sculptured symbols of luxury point to

the grave of civilization. Some may think, as the Spaniards would say, '*Palabras que se luvra el viento.*'

Can nothing be done for Jamaica, where Nature does so much, and man so little? Its streams and surrounding waters abound with fishes of great variety. The hills and the valleys teem with teal, wild ducks, plovers, snipes, pigeons, and flamingoes. Its timbers are of the choicest kinds, and its spices and balsams are celebrated for their superiority. Its past history proves what its deserted plantations are capable of producing. It is one of the most productive islands in the world, and certainly one of the most beautiful. Notwithstanding all the charming beauty of Jamaica, she is abandoned by England, her natural protector. England broke the chains of slavery which despotism had forged, it is true; but she left her wrapped in darkness and in ignorance. Before the civilized world, she presents the most humiliating spectacle of wretchedness and ruin. Have the long parliamentary efforts of a Wilberforce and the untiring exertions of a Clarkson resulted only in this deplorable exhibition of human degradation, and in casting a withering mildew over the social prosperity of this tropical garden of loveliness? Almost irredeemably sunk in the depths of sloth, ignorance, and depravity, she appeals to the philanthropists of the world to have pity upon her fallen condition. She implores of them, with outstretched arms, to educate her benighted population, who take no pride in her beauty, and feel no interest in her welfare. 'She looks, and there is none to help; and she wonders that there is none to uphold.' The humble efforts of a few sectarian preachers, and a few Sisters of Charity, avail but little. Unless something be speedily done for Jamaica, the great DISPOSER of human events can only foresee her mysterious destiny. As for myself, I shrink from the contemplation of the future.

JAMES LINEN.

T R E E S : F L O W E R S : T H E D E A D .

*His saltem accumularem donis, et fungar inani
Munera.*

VIRGIL

THE DEAD — the quiet dead!
Who with us trod these paths in days of yore;
The young, the strong, the beautiful, the hoar
And silvered head!

Gone from among us now,
Each to a silent pillow in the clay;
The burial shade hath fallen o'er their way,
And on their brow.

And yet not unforgot
Shall be the mansion where we laid them down;
Love, Friendship, Memory, shall join to crown
The sacred spot.

Sow we the fragrant flowers,
Whose breath, like *their* remembrance, shall be sweet;
And open avenues where friends may greet
The twilight hours.

Plant we the forest trees,
Whose whispering shades shall pensive mourners throng,
And hear again loved voices borne along
The passing breeze.

Yes, we'll adorn the sod,
Whose verdure emblems ever more our love,
And there sweet converse hold with friends above,
And with our God.

'T is not for them alone
The cherished burial-turf we honor thus;
We'll think 'tis there loved ones will talk of us,
When we are gone.

Stockbridge, Mass.

E. W. B. CANNING.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER TEN.

THE ACTRESS AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

ONCE on a time, Schaunard found himself in possession of two hundred francs, which extraordinary sum he had thus acquired :

He went one day to a musical editor, who had promised to procure him among his customers either pupils or something to do.

'By Jove!' said the editor, on seeing him enter the shop, 'you are just in time. A gentleman has been here who wants a pianist; he is an Englishman, and will probably pay well. Are you really a good one?'

Schaunard reflected that a modest air might injure him in the editor's estimation. Indeed, a modest musician, and especially a modest pianist, is a rare creature. Accordingly he replied boldly :

'I am a first-rate one; if I only had a lung gone, long hair, and a black coat, I should be famous as the sun in the heaven; and instead of asking me eight hundred francs to engrave my composition *The Death of the Damsel*, you would come on your knees to offer me three thousand for it on a silver plate.'

The person whose address Schaunard took was an Englishman, name Birne.* The musician was first received by a servant in blue, who handed him over to a servant in green, who passed him on to a servant in black, who introduced him into a drawing-room where he found himself face to face with a Briton coiled up in an attitude which made him resemble Hamlet meditating on human nothingness. Schaunard was about to explain the reason of his presence when a sudden volley of

* This is probably the name MURGER was making a shot at when he wrote *Birn'n*—about as near as a Frenchman usually comes to an English word.

shrill cries cut short his speech. These horrid and ear-piercing sounds proceeded from a parrot hung out on the balcony of the story below.

'Oh! that beast! that beast!' exclaimed the Englishman, with a bound on his arm-chair; 'it will kill me.'

Thereupon the bird began to retort its vocabulary much more extensive than that of ordinary Pollies; and Schaunard stood stupefied when he heard the animal, prompted by a female voice, declaring the speech of Theramenes with all the professional intonations.

This parrot was the favorite of an actress who was then a great favorite herself, and very much the rage — in her boudoir. She was one of those women who, no one knows why or how, are quoted at fancy prices on the 'Change of dissipation, and whose names are inscribed on the bills-of-fare of young noblemen's suppers, where they form the live desert. It gives a Christian standing now-a-days to be seen with one of these Pagans, who often have nothing of antiquity about them except their age. When they are handsome, there is no such great harm after all; the worst one risks is to sleep on straw in return for making them sleep on rose-wood. But when their beauty is bought by the ounce at the perfumer's, and will not stand three drops of water on a rag; when their wit consists in a couplet of a farce, and their talent lies in the hand of the *claqueur*, it is hard indeed to understand how respectable men with good names, ordinary sense, and decent coats, can let themselves be carried away by a common-place passion for these most mercenary creatures.

The actress in question was one of these belles of the day. She called herself *Dolores*, and professed to be a Spaniard, although she was born in that Parisian Andalusia known as the *Rue Coquenard*. From there to the *Rue de Provence* is about ten minutes' walk, but it had cost her seven years to make the transit. Her prosperity had begun with the decline of her personal charms. She had a horse the day when her first false tooth was inserted, and a pair the day of her second. Now she was living at a great rate, lodging in a palace, driving four horses on holidays, and giving balls to which all Paris came. The *all Paris* of these ladies — that is to say, that collection of lazy seekers-after jokes and scandal; the *all Paris* that plays lansquenet; the pluggards of head and hand, who kill their own time and other people's; the writers who turn literary men to get some use out of the feather which nature placed on their backs; the bullies of the revel, the clipped and sweated gentlemen, the chevaliers of doubtful orders, all the vagabonds of kid-glove-dom, that come from God-knows-where, and go back thither again some day; all the marked and remarked notorieties; all those daughters of Eve who retail what they once sold wholesale; all that race of beings, corrupt from their cradle to their coffin, whom one sees on *first nights* at the theatre, with Golconda on their foreheads and Thibet on their shoulders, and for whom, notwithstanding, bloom the first violets of Spring and the first passions of youth — all this world which the chronicles of gossip call *all Paris*, was received by Dolores who owned the parrot aforesaid.

This bird, celebrated for its oratorical talents among all the neighbors, had gradually become the terror of the nearest. Hung out on the balcony, it made a pulpit of its perch and kept out interminable harangues

from morning to night. It had learned certain parliamentary topics from some editorial friends of its mistress, and was very strong on the sugar question. It knew all the actress's repertory by heart, and declaimed it well enough to have been her substitute in case of indisposition. Moreover, as she was rather polyglot in her flirtations, and received visitors from all parts of the world, the parrot spoke all languages, and would sometimes let out a *lingua Franca* of oaths enough to shock the sailors to whom *Vert-Vert* owed his profitable education. The company of this bird, which might be instructive and amusing for ten minutes, became a positive torture when prolonged. The neighbors had often complained; the auctioneer insolently dismissed their complaints. Two or three other tenants of the house, respectable fathers of families, indignant at the scandalous state of morals into which they were initiated by the indiscretions of the parrot, had given warning to the landlord. But the actress had got on his weak side; whoever might go, *she* staid.

The Englishman whose parlor Schaunard now entered, had endured with patience for three months. One day he concealed his fury, which was ready to explode, under a full-dress suit, and sent in his card to Mademoiselle Dolores.

When she beheld him enter, arrayed almost as he would have been to present himself before Queen Victoria, she at first thought it must be *Hoffmann*, in his part of *Lord Spleen*; and wishing to be civil to a fellow-artist, she offered him some breakfast.

The Englishman understood French; he had learned it in twenty-five lessons of a Spanish refugee. Accordingly he replied:

'I accept your invitation on condition of our eating this disagreeable bird,' and he pointed to the cage of the parrot, who, having already smelt an Englishman, saluted him by whistling *God Save the King*.

Dolores thought her neighbor was quizzing her, and was beginning to get angry, when Mr. Birne added:

'As I am very rich, I will buy the animal; put your price on it.'

Dolores answered that she valued the bird, and liked it, and would not wish to see it pass into the hands of another.

'Oh! it's not in my *hands* I want to put it,' replied the Englishman, 'under my feet — so —;' and he pointed to the heels of his boots.

Dolores shuddered with indignation, and would probably have broken out, when she perceived on the Englishman's finger a ring, the diamond of which represented an income of twenty-five hundred francs. This discovery was like a shower-bath to her rage. She reflected that it might be imprudent to quarrel with a man who carried fifty thousand francs on his little finger.

'Well, Sir,' said she, 'as poor *Coco* annoys us, I will put him in a back-room, where you cannot hear him.'

The Englishman made a gesture of satisfaction.

'However,' added he, pointing once more to his boots, I should have preferred' —

'Don't be afraid. Where I mean to put him it will be impossible for him to trouble *milord*.'

'Oh! I am not a lord; only an esquire.'

With that Mr. Birne was retiring, after a very low bow, when Dolores, who never neglected her interests, took up a small packet from a work-table, and said :

'To-night, Sir, is my benefit at the theatre ; I am to play in three pieces. Will you allow me to offer you some box-tickets ? The price has been but very slightly raised ;' and she put a dozen boxes into the Briton's hand.

'After showing myself so prompt to oblige him,' thought she, he cannot refuse, if he is a gentleman ; and if he sees me play in my pink costume, who knows ? He is very ugly, to be sure, and very sad-looking, but he might furnish me the means of going to England without being sea-sick.'

The Englishman having taken the tickets, made their purport to be explained to him a second time ; he then asked the price.

'The boxes are sixty francs each, and there are ten there ; but no hurry,' she added, seeing the Englishman take out his pocket-book : 'I hope that as we are neighbors, this is not the last time I shall have the honor of a visit from you.'

'I do n't like to run up bills, replied Mr. Birne ;' and drawing from the pocket-book a thousand-franc note, he laid it on the table and slid the tickets into his pockets.

'I will give you your change,' said Dolores, opening a little draw.

'Never mind,' said the Englishman ; 'the rest will do for a drink ;' and he went off leaving Dolores thunder-struck at his last words.*

'For a drink !' she exclaimed ; 'what a clown ! I will send him back his money.'

But her neighbor's rudeness had only irritated the epidermis of her vanity ; reflection calmed her : she thought that a thousand francs made a very nice *pile*, after all, and that she had already put up with imper tinences at a cheaper rate.

'Bah !' said she to herself ; 'it won't do to be so proud. No one was by, and this is my washerwoman's month. And this Englishman speaks so badly, perhaps he only meant to pay me a compliment.'

So she pocketed her bill joyfully.

But that night at the theatre she was furious. Mr. Birne had made no use of his tickets ; the ten boxes were utterly empty. She had read in the faces of her *friends* their joy at seeing the house so badly filled.

On returning home, although it was the dead of night, she opened her window and waked Coco, who waked Mr. Birne, who had gone to sleep on the faith of her promise.

From that day war was declared between the actress and the Englishman ; a war to the knife, without truce or repose, the parties engaged in which, recoiled before no expense or trouble. The parrot took finishing-lessons in English and abused his neighbor all day in it and in his shrillest falsetto. It was something awful. Dolores suffered from

* To offer a woman of this class something to get a drink (*pourboire*) as you would to a cabman or porter, is, of course, a deadly insult. The translator once had occasion to take advantage of it. Having been inordinately cheated by a little woman who let furnished lodgings, he declined to take an odd franc or two in change from her bill, saying he would leave that as the *pourboire* for *Made-moiselle*. Luckily there was a policeman present, or the reader's humble servant might have been obliged to dictate these lines in consequence of having no eyes of his own left.

it herself, but she hoped that one day or other Mr. Birne would give warning. It was on that she had set her heart. The Englishman, on his part, began by establishing a school of drummers in his parlor, but the police interfered. He then set up a pistol-gallery; his servants riddled fifty cards a day. Again the police-clerk interposed, showing him an article in the municipal code, which forbids the usage of fire-arms in houses. Mr. Birne stopped firing, but a week after, Dolores found it was raining in her room. The landlord went to visit Mr. Birne, and found him taking salt-water baths in his parlor. This room, which was very large, had been lined all round with sheets of metal, and all the doors stopped up. Into this extempore pond some hundred pails of water were poured, and a few tons of salt mixed up in them. It was a small edition of the sea. Mr. Birne bathed there every day, descending into it by an opening made in the upper panel of the centre-door. Before long an ancient and fish-like smell pervaded the neighborhood, and Dolores had half an inch of water in her bed-room.

The landlord grew furious, and threatened Mr. Birne with an action for damages done to his property.

'Have I not a right,' asked the Englishman, 'to bathe in my rooms?'

'Not in that way, Sir.'

'Very well, if I have no right to, I won't,' said the Briton, full of respect for the laws of the country in which he lived. 'It's a pity; I amused myself very much.'

That very night he had his ocean drained out. It was full time: there was already an oyster-bed forming on the floor.

However, Mr. Birne had not given up by any means: he was only seeking some legal means of continuing this singular warfare, which was nuts to all the loungers of Paris, for the adventure had been circulated in the lobbies of the theatres and other public places. Dolores felt equally bound to come triumphant out of the contest. Not a few bets had been made upon it.

It was then that Mr. Birne thought of the piano as an instrument of warfare. It was not so bad an idea, the most disagreeable of instruments being well capable of contending against the most disagreeable of birds. As soon as this lucky thought occurred to him, he hastened to put it into execution, hired a piano, and inquired for a pianist. The pianist, it will be remembered, was our friend Schaunard. The Englishman recounted to him his sufferings from the parrot, and what he had already done to come to terms with the actress.

'But, milord,' said Schaunard, 'there is a sure way to rid yourself of this creature — parsley. The chemists are unanimous in declaring that this culinary plant is prussic acid to such birds. Chop up a little parsley and shake it out of the window on Coco's cage, and the creature will die as certainly as if Pope Alexander VI. had invited it to dinner.'

'I thought of that, myself,' said the Englishman; 'but the beast is taken too good care of. The piano is surer.'

Schaunard looked at the other without catching his meaning at once.

'See here,' resumed the Englishman, 'the actress and her animal always sleep till twelve. Follow my reasoning' —

'Go on: I am at the heels of it.'

'I intend to disturb their sleep. The law of the country authorizes me to make music from morning to night. Do you understand?'

'But that will not be so disagreeable for her, if she hears me play the piano all day—for nothing, too. I am a first-rate hand, if I only had a lung gone'—

'Exactly; but I don't want you to make good music. You must only strike on your instrument, thus,' trying a note, 'and always the same thing without pity, only one note. I understand medicine a little; that makes people mad. They will both go mad; that is what I look for. Come, Mr. Musician, to work at once. You shall be well paid.'

'And so,' said Schaunard, who had recounted the above details to his friends, 'this is what I have been doing for the last fortnight. One note continually from seven in the morning till dark. It is not exactly serious art. But then the Englishman pays me two hundred francs a month for my noise; it would be cutting one's throat to refuse such a windfall.'

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY ELIZABETH M. BRACKETT.

I.

SHE is not dead; she sits with me
Within my quiet room:
Although they late to me have said,
'We've laid her in the tomb.'

II.

She does not speak, but smiles on me
With her old girlish smile,
As if some happy secret made
Her spirit glad the while.

III.

I roam through old familiar rooms;
I meet her on the stair;
And like a halo round her head
Gleams that soft braid of hair.

IV.

She seems just as she used to seem,
In the golden years ago,
When Life was in its sunny prime,
With hope and love a-glow.

V.

I stand before her pictured face,
A young and happy girl;
A soft light gleaming in her eye,
And on each sunny curl.

VI.

O singer of earth's sweetest lays!
Though hushed thy notes through pain,
Yet with a faltering voice could'st say,
'Yes, I shall sing again.'

VII.

O far-off city where she sleeps,
What is thy pomp to me?
One little grave is dearer far
Than all thy pageantry.

VIII.

Young blue-eyed sleeper! never more
Upon thy cheek, like rain,
Shall fall the tears, whose bitterest glow
Was, that they fell in vain.

IX.

October with his misty shroud
Is robing earth and sky;
And up and down the garden-walks
Our petted dead flowers lie:

X.

And like an ancient funeral lamp
Hangs high the spectral moon,
And earth seems a great burial-place,
Where we must meet her soon.

XI.

Oh! in the long untrodden years
Whene'er we count our band,
I grieve to think how we shall miss
The clasp of one dear hand!

XII.

And when we speak of those who've shared
Our bliss, our weal or woe;
Whene'er we speak of *her*! 't will be,
She died — O God! — long years ago!

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VULTÉ.

'SPECIAL BAIL.'

'HERE's that confounded Frenchman again!' said I, in looking over my budget of writs; 'and when shall I get rid of him? — that's the point most material to me. And shall we ever part company? He is as closely fitted to my neck as the old man of the sea was to Sinbad's. And what a name he has, too! Jean Pierre Baptiste Alexandre Pétard Gouvain! Let me take a little breath after that!' I tried to run over it quickly: 'Jean-Péaa-Bateest-Alessand-Pétar-Gouvan: and I breathed a little freer, and I could not avoid exclaiming: 'What a name! what a name!'

'Now,' said I to myself, 'there is some quietness in the names of John Doe or Richard Roe, or of John Smith, or any other legal fiction; but I do object to the abuse of simple customs, ordinarily, and why Jean Gouvain would not do as well as the entirety' — was, perhaps, none of my business. I protested against the use of his whole name in my very numerous inquiries after him at his residence, and demanded to know, simply, 'if Monsieur Gouvain was at home?'

I said 'confounded Frenchman,' and I meant it; because he had given me so much trouble, and he had put my patience and perseverance to so severe a test, that I could not but feel annoyed at the very many 'not-at-homes' so spitefully, in the end, dealt out to me in my inquiries for him, by the rosy-cheeked, full-mooned face, and red-haired Irish door-maid, who so often, and in her peculiar way, had answered my demand at the door.

My case was a very hard one. I had taxed the patience of the attorney who sued out the writ; an *alias* writ had been issued, and my return thereto was the same as upon the original, viz., 'not found'; a *pluries* had also issued, and an *alias pluries*, and the same return upon both; then came the second, third, and fourth *pluries* — and still the same return. I believe I had this incubus, this dead weight of writs in this matter, upon my shoulders for about six months or so; and, from the many negative returns I had by force of circumstances been compelled to make, the patience of the attorney was at length used up, and he threatened, that in case another such return was made, to sue me for a 'false return.' I thought, therefore, that I was justified in using the expression 'confounded Frenchman'; particularly, as not by reason of any neglect of mine, but because of his being in the condition of a very little insect, upon whose frail body you might put one of your digits, and then, when you come to look for him, he was n't there!

I don't know how it is, but it has seemed to me that there are some

very unreasonable people in this world. I may be mistaken, but I thought that Mr. Gunnip, the aforesaid attorney, was a little, a very little, inclined that way. I declare, I believe that he wanted or expected me to take Gouvain, as well where he was not, as where he was; and that he expected me to find the 'little joker,' no matter under what thimble he was rigged.

If I had inquired *once* at Gouvain's residence, I had a hundred times; and before my inquiries had got to be a decided pest to the girl, I was frequently and pleasantly invited by her to leave my card, or my name; but when the inquiries were repeated daily, and sometimes twice and thrice a day, and at different hours of day and night, her good-humor passed off, and she snappishly and pertly replied: 'Sure, an ye'll not lave yer name, nor arry a card ye have, Misther Guvan is not at hoam'; and she pushed the door to, leaving me, a disappointed applicant, outside, to my own reflections; of which the position of parties formed the staple commodity.

'The early bird,' I said, 'catches the worm;' and with this comfortable and homely saying, I left the house, determined to be governed by it; and I nursed myself with the assurance that I would be the early bird in the morning following, and that I would try the virtue of the apothegm, catch the worm, and rid myself of being brought down or up by Mr. Gunnip, in making, this time, satisfactorily to him, a true return — *id est*: 'Defendant taken: fees due, sixty-nine cents.'

On the next morning, long before the break of day, I was up and doing. I started out on my snaring expedition; and as I had a considerable distance to go before I reached the domicile of my very near, dear, and attached friend, Monsieur Gouvain — attached, I hoped and prayed he might be; very near, I trusted he would be; dear, he undoubtedly would have been, if I had been put to the cost of defending that suit which was threatened against me for a false return, even if it eventuated in a verdict for the defendant, in the way of counsel-fees, etc. And, as I had judged, I came upon the door-steps about sun-rise, when 'for certain' he must be in the house, I thought, if he ever was; I hoped, and yet I feared; and I was then in a state of abstractedness, not knowing exactly upon what business I was engaged, until my hand was upon the bell-pull. I gave it a jerk, and I heard the tinkling of the bell gently decline into nothingness. I listened for a foot-tread; a minute elapsed — then another — and yet no one came. I waited patiently: why should n't I? I had endured an eternity of moments, almost, in this very business, up to this time, and I thought I could wait a little longer; particularly, as I fancied the culminating point had been approached, and I would not, as every thing seemed fitted for me, destroy my prospects by acting hastily, and thereby give offence to the one whose business it was to answer my summons at the door-bell.

It was well that I came to this determination; for, as I had concluded, the door was opened, and my red-haired Cerberus was there, to deny or permit me entrance.

'Ah! yees be afther Mr. Guvan so arly, ar yees?' said she to me, in a semi-savage inquiry.

'I am,' answered I, 'and I am very sorry to trouble you so early, but

my business is very urgent and pressing; beside,' I continued, 'after I have communicated with Mr. Gouvain once, you'll not be troubled by me any more, I assure you. Is he in?'

'In, is he? troth, I think he is: that is, in his bed, I mane, barrin' he's jist gittin' out,' replied she, jocularly. 'You see, Sir,' continued she, 'Mr. Guvan is an airy riser; he goes out airy, and comes home late, an' that's the rason yees niver could find him hoam. Now, if yees travel up the stairs, three pair high, an' to the front of the house, an' mark the door as has the number nine on it, an' rap there, ye'll find Mr. Guvan.'

'Thank you! thank you!'

I went up the stairs, and having arrived at the top of the three flights, I looked around among the many doors for the number nine, and it was easily found. I then gave a tap at the door, and then another tap; and I was then requested by a voice which proceeded from the room, to 'come in.'

I did as I was requested. I went in, and addressed the gentleman, who had not yet risen from his bed, although he was sitting up:

'Mr. Gouvain?' said I, interrogatively.

'Me 'ave ze honneur,' replied he, very courteously.

He might 'have the honor,' I thought, and yet not be the Mr. Gouvain I wanted, when he came to know my business; and, as no one was with me to indicate that he was the veritable Mr. Gouvain, it occurred to me at once that I would ask him if he was the Mr. Gouvain with the five prefixes to his surname.

'Oui! Je le suis, Monsieur! Jean Pierre Baptiste Alessandre Pétard Gouvain. Vat you vill 'ave wis me? — ze mattaire vat is?' inquired he.

'I am the sheriff, Mr. Gouvain; and I have a writ for your arrest, in which you are ordered to be held to bail in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, at the suit of Gaspard Besançon, for slander. Can you give the bail?'

'Vous êtes le sheriff? ha! ha!' ejaculated he; 'ze sheriff! Vous avez le papier pour mon arrête! Quinze cents piastres! Ze homme vat vill me arrête est Besançon! — Slandare! vat you call slandare, Monsieur Sheriff? me 'ave no peu! — me no 'ave fifteen hunder dollare! Vat you call slandare, eh? — Besançon, eh? — vat you call slandare, eh, Monsieur Sheriff?'

I enlightened him as well as I could, by giving him a practical illustration of what slander was, and what consequences flowed from the too free use of the unruly member; which, being perfectly intelligible to him, he exclaimed, with delight:

'Ah, ha! je comprends. You call me ze tief, ze robbare, ze rascal, ze blaggar, ze loaf — is slandare, eh?'

'Yes; all that is slander,' replied I.

'Ah! Monsieur Sheriff,' exclaimed he in great eagerness, addressing me, 'pardonnez-moi! me 'ave no ask you for take ze chair! Be seat, Monsieur Sheriff! Pardon! Je suis ze blaggar! You take ze chair, eh? — pardon, eh? I vill get from ze bed; I vill arranger: you vill excusez moi; I am ze blaggar, ze loaf; I 'ave no ask you for take ze chair — ze seat — before!'

I seated myself, as requested ; but I thought my friend exhibited rather too much warmth in his regrets of omissions in politeness for my comforts, seeing that he was somewhat peculiarly fixed ; and I could just at that time freely forgive him, as his mind was upon other matters than politeness.

Gouvain, meanwhile, had risen, and proceeded to dress and arrange his toilet. While I remained seated, waiting patiently for him, he would occasionally turn to me and remark, in French and Franco-Anglice, and in broken English, his regrets at his want of *civilité*, and his objurgations of slander — and I presume he felt it, too — giving to the word the whole lengthened sound, and terminating with a strong emphasis : ‘*slan-dare, eh ?*’

I thought it very strange that he had not as yet uttered one word of denial as to the charge of slander, or of the arrest, or about the plaintiff ; and I was curious enough to hear his version of the affair ; yet although it was none of my business to make inquiries, I nevertheless was very anxious ; and I doubted not that the narrative, his part of it, would come in good time ; and I was not mistaken.

He had completed his toilet, and he desired to know if I would permit him to get a breakfast, (by this time it was about seven o’clock,) and I assented to his very reasonable request without hesitation, and we came down the stairs to the hall, where I saw the Milesian guardian of the door : at the sight of me and my prisoner, although she did n’t know my business, she addressed Mr. Gouvain, saying :

‘Will yees be back the night, Sir ?’

‘No ! Mary, I sink me nevere come back ; I go wis dis gentilhomme ; Je suis tres obligée for you attention : parehaps I nevere come back. Ah ! yes, I oublie — I forget.’

And while saying this he drew from his pocket a few loose coin and deposited the same in Mary’s extended hand, which as she received she showered a thousand blessings upon his head, and hoped that in whatever position he was placed he would never have a less willing attendant upon his wants than she.

And a less willing recipient of his silver, thought I.

‘Sure, an’ I knowed yees was afther takin’ Mr. Guvan wid yees, and niver let him kim hoam at all any more,’ exclaimed she, addressing me, and looking for all the world like a fury ; ‘ye’d niver kim in that dure ; and I don’t know who you are, shure ; coming here, shure ; and carrin’ away wid yees dacint gintleman, shure ; an’ ye may go ; and yees must n’t kim here anny more, takin’ wid yees sich iligant gintleman as Mr. Guvan, no ; an’ I’d a knowed your bisness, shure ye’d a niver got troo that dure, and d’ye mind that now ?’

This was a blast I did not count on ; yet, as eggs are not chickens until the period of incubation has passed, I thought that before long her anathemas would be realized by the Arabian proverb, and that like young chickens they would come home to roost.

‘Mary,’ said I to her, coaxingly.

‘Ah ! none o’ that ! Bother with yees !’ said she.

‘Mary,’ continued I, ‘you have had a deal of trouble.’

‘Trouble ? I had indade ; an’ ye may well say that.’

'Zis is gentilhomme, Mary,' observed Gouvain.

'Here, Mary,' said I, 'here's something for the trouble I've put you to; take it;' and I dropped a quarter in her ever-extended hand. 'Now be quieted, Mary,' continued I, addressing her, 'I think Mr. Gouvain is mistaken when he says that perhaps he will never come back.'

Upon this seeming consolation, together with the quarter, the girl appeared satisfied, and Gouvain and myself left the house amid showers of blessings heaped upon both our heads by the now satisfied Mary, who lingered yet upon the door-steps, and her voice was heard by me, saying:

'God bless yees both!'

And then I thought that the eggs were hatched, and the chickens had got home and had roosted.

I went with Gouvain to the restaurant where he usually took his breakfast, and, seated at the same table with him, he, of his own volition, while the meal was being prepared, gave me a short history of his and Besançon's position in regard to a delicate little affair, wherein they were rivals to a fair lady's hand, heart, and fortune.

It appeared that Besançon was a Frenchman, too; and he and Gouvain had become enamoured of a young French lady, beautiful in person and mind, as well as being favored with quite a sum of money in hand: the lady, who, I suppose, acting with the customary economy of her sex, was, as yet, notwithstanding she had received the addresses or visits, I do not know which, of both the parties, free from having committed herself to either; and I suppose she was exercising her best discretion whom to elect, Besançon or Gouvain. Thus matters stood, when Besançon, fearing the presence, and good looks, and form of Gouvain, and supposing, as he must have done, that these qualities, added to a good address, were of some consideration to a lady under her circumstances, although she had never intimated by word, act, or deed, that she preferred one over the other; yet Besançon lacked the same or any of the advantages in a measure that Gouvain possessed; and he was fired by jealousy in not being elected as the favored party; he therefore was resolved to try a master stroke of policy in the art of love by ridding himself of his rival, and having the ground cleared from all incumbrances.

This scheme of Besançon's was now being carried out by me, although I knew nothing of it before, by the arrest of Gouvain upon the action of slander which I was then engaged in. I felt sorry for him, particularly as he had told me he had no friends, and could not, therefore, apply to any one to give bail for him; yet I was determined if I could serve him in his extremity I would do so.

The breakfast being concluded, I observed to him 'that he had better think over the matter, and see if there were none of his friends who would give the required security.'

'Me ave no fren; me no sink; me étrangere, Monsieur Sheriff, et pourquoi me sink. No, no, I go wis you, eh; oui, I go to ze prison, eh; and perhaps some bozzy will — vat you call him, eh?'

'Bail,' interrupted I.

'Ah! oui, bail; some bozzy will baile me; bail, ah! bail est charmante!'

I thought that bail would be really charming to my enthusiastic prisoner, but where he was to find that somebody, who perhaps would go bail for him, was beyond my comprehension.

Finding that he had no one to call upon in his extremity, and that every moment I spent with him was a loss of time to me as well as being no benefit to him, I concluded (with his entire concurrence) to take him to jail; and having given him to the charge of the jailer, I bade him adieu, and was about leaving him: he pressed my hand and said:

‘Mon ami, Je vous remerci beaucoup, me ver much obligée; ha! ha! Je pense, oui;’ and here he put his hand on his breast in order to convince me of the firmness of his faith; ‘oui, me sink some bozzy will bail, yes, bail e me.’ And I doubted not he felt all he said. ‘Adieu! mon ami,’ cried he, and I left him; but still I heard, as we parted, the word ‘bail’ lingering about me until distance drowned it altogether.

Matters remained quiet for a day or two; so also did Monsieur Gouvain, I fancy, cooped up as he was in our barn of a prison in Eldridge street: at least I heard nothing to the contrary. He had been in close custody the time afore stated, when I received an application by a party who agreed to furnish satisfactory bail; and as I was exceedingly anxious to relieve the poor fellow from imprisonment upon what I deemed a frivolous action, I assented to the proposition for bail, and named the time most convenient to the sureties, who might attend before me at the earliest hour they saw fit to fix upon.

The hour was appointed, and the sureties attended and executed the bond for his release. The sureties were ample and perfectly responsible; and I thereupon gave an order for his immediate discharge.

Gouvain was now at liberty once more, and I supposed that he had forgotten me, for I did not hear of him for several weeks: he and his imprisonment passed out of my memory, engrossed as I was in the cares of my office, and I thought no more of him.

I did him wrong, however, in supposing he had forgotten me, for one day he came in my office, and desired to have a private conversation with me, which I readily granted, because I was always pleased with him; and from the moment I first saw him I was favorably inclined toward him. I observed to him:

‘Now, Monsieur Gouvain, what will you have?’

‘Vat I vill ave, eh?’ replied he, in great earnestness, and giving his shoulders a shrug, his hands clasped together, ‘Ah, Monsieur Sheriff, me vill ’ave, vat, je crois you vill not give — eh?’ And he looked steadily in my eye as though he expected to find there an affirmative to his demand.

‘Speak out, my friend,’ said I; ‘what do you desire?’

‘Me desire, mon ami, votre daguerreotype — you portrait, you vill give him to me, eh?’

‘You want my portrait — my daguerreotype — do you? Why, I should think you have had enough of me? I thought you had had enough of my face!’

‘Non! Non, Monsieur Sheriff. Ah! oui j’oublie,’ and he touched his hump of memory with his fore-finger; ‘Oui, j’oublie.’

‘You forget, Monsieur Gouvain; forget what? — what do you forget?’ I asked him.

'Me crezzy, me sink. Me marry; me 'ave charmante lady. Oh! ah!' and then striking his head and stamping his foot, and expressing by action better than he could by language his disappointment in not being able to communicate his present state of happiness to me in English. 'Ah, nevare mine; je ne parle pas Anglais!'

'What,' said I, 'Are you married, and to whom?'

'Me marry ze bail — bail-e; ah, Monsieur Sheriff, pooty lady, la dame est charmante. Ze bail is ma femme, and Besançon is no bozzy—no vair. Ze bail—bail é, ha, ha!—vair is Besançon? No vair, ha, ha, ha! I love ze bail—bail é,' and he appeared, while uttering his thoughts thus spasmodically, to be in the greatest good humor with every body and thing, except Besançon, whom he occasionally hit by saying that he was '*no where*,' by which I inferred that he (Gouvain) was, by his adroitness, all over or every where.

The facts of this case now stared me full in the face. Besançon's stroke of policy in the art of love was fairly illustrated to me. He, in order to remove a rival lover out of his way, consulted with his attorney, and the two had patched up the plan of arresting Gouvain for slander. This would have been a capital trick, if the removal had been sure; but, '*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*,' and the very means he resorted to, by putting Gouvain out of the presence of the lady, was the surest one, if she had any soul, or if she had any regard or love for him, to touch her heart. She heard of Gouvain's arrest; she knew his helpless condition, a stranger to our language, laws, and customs. She, like a true woman, responded to the promptings of that little monitor of our souls, and sprang to his assistance and relief. She was happy in having released the idol of her now bursting love; and then it was that Gouvain experienced the solid pleasure of being elected the favored one.

And then I thought of the intensity of Gouvain's utterance of the word 'Bail.' He knew — he felt — that if there was any love for him in the bosom of the fair one, his situation, a prisoner upon the complaint of a rival, would bring it out. If he was permitted to remain in jail, why, of course, then she loved Besançon. If he was bailed by or through her interposition, then, as a matter of surety, he was the favored one. This, then, was his test, and it was a sure one; and Besançon's effort, aided by his attorney, was an apt illustration of the operations of all blind guides.

'Votre daguerreotype — you portrait!' exclaimed Gouvain, addressing me with great earnestness, and awakening me from the train of thought in which I was indulging, 'You vill give him to me, eh? Ah, Monsieur Sheriff, I s'all 'ave ze plaisir, eh! You s'all say no; vous m'accorderez la faveur, que je vous demande ne voulez vous pas, eh?'

'No,' I replied, 'I will not deny you; but I cannot see what pleasure there can be in regarding a face that always must remind you of your being in jail.'

'Zis affaire, Monsieur Sheriff, est toute différente,' and he touched his left hand with the fore-finger of his right, convincing me, or attempting to do so, by action. 'Besançon will 'ave me arrest — for nossing, eh! vat I do, eh? You take me to ze prison; j'ai resté la for leetle time.

I bail — bailé, ha ! ha ! — ma chère est mon bail. Besançon is no var ; me marry, eh ! You, mon cher ami — my bester fren — me vill 'ave your daguerreotype ; ma femme aussi, you will go wis me for take ze likeness toute suite. Venez partons.'

I could not resist him, so desirous he seemed to be, and particularly, too, as it was his wife's request, also ; and I went with him at once to HAAS, and his desires were satisfied : so I fancied, for he made all the acknowledgments and thanks in French and English he was capable of uttering, for the rare favor I had granted — the privilege of occasionally glancing at the lineaments of one who, in his language, was his ' cher ami,' his ' bester fren.'

The suit of Besançon vs. Gouvain never came to trial : the order for bail was discharged, and a default taken by Gouvain's attorney ; and, as a necessary means of satisfaction, an execution for costs was issued against Besançon, which were never collected, because, as in the event of his not paying the costs aforesaid, a *Ca Sa* would issue, and then he feared the same visitation which he had procured for his fortunate rival ; but, unlike him, as he doubted he would find any fair lady ' to bail, bail é him,' in like circumstances ; therefore, when the *Ca Sa* did issue, my return was, ' Not found.' He had gone from out my bailiwick. I have seen Gouvain often since. He is, doubtless, very happy with his bail. Indeed, he must be, as any one could not otherwise be who had been so fortunate as he was in having got rid so quickly and so opportunely of his rival in matrimonial speculations, and who, by reason of his imprisonment, had procured a rich wife at so cheap a cost, by her becoming ' Special Bail' in the action *Besançon vs. Gouvain*.

S U M M E R - N I G H T R A I N .

How soft the rain comes down to-night
Upon the grassy fields!
The rose assumes a hue more bright,
And sweeter fragrance yields.

The sweet-briar opes her crimson rings,
The pink her richest bell;
The morning bee will lade his wings
From many a honied cell.

The old wood waves its freshened leaves
Beneath the faint moon-beam;
The spider from the hawthorn weaves
His web across the stream.

Silence, save the ceaseless rain,
And cascade's dash afar;
Darkness, save the feeble moon,
And feebler glimmering star.

The rain comes softly down to-night;
Half-slumber o'er me reigns;
How sweet the pattering on the roof,
And on the window-panes!

S P R I N G - T I M E .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

THE sovereign Sun unbars the icy gates
 To let the Spring with all her train come in;
 But timidly the bashful maiden waits,
 Or flees affrighted from the stormy din
 And elemental strife. While she doth stand
 In hesitance, the soft, warm southern breeze
 Steals from the isles of lime and orange trees,
 And blithely Spring trips o'er the smiling land.
 Hurrah! the buds grow big;
 They burst their swaddling-bands;
 The spiral sprout
 Is shooting out,
 And grass is creeping o'er the meadow-lands.
 Hurrah! ten thousand rills
 Are hurrying down the hills;
 And, sparkling as they run,
 They symbolize the boy
 So over-full of joy
 His very eyes are scintillating fun.
 Hurrah! a fly, a real fly!
 With legs so slim and will so strong,
 So impudent and sly,
 So busily idle all day long;
 Where didst thou hide, the freezing winter through?
 Hadst thou a cosy cell
 Where thou didst dwell
 When the snows fell
 And the north winds blew?
 Ah! have a care, gay chap!
 For many a snare,
 In earth and air,
 Is hidden in a silken trap.

How genial is the ray
 Of this luxurious day,
 That vivifies the bosom like a thought
 Of other days with melting memories fraught
 The young-life days that seem
 But a delicious dream
 That flitted o'er a brain whose vision
 Peered upon a scene elysian,
 Too unreal for a world
 By manhood into chaos hurled.
 A tear! why, sure, there's still
 A living rill
 Beneath the rubbish piled upon the heart
 That bubbles up
 And yields a cup
 Of healing for a bosom smart.

Let's forth, my friend, and wander slow
 Over the fields of tender green,
 Where, as we go,

The earlier flowers are seen,
 With bluish eyes,
 Up-peering to the skies,
 Like childhood looking up to God
 From bended knees.
 How fragrant is this sod,
 Where no o'ershading trees
 Prevent the blessing of the sun
 From coming down,
 With odorous plants to crown
 The lea that erst was desolate and dun !

 Companion mine!
 Thou of the musing race,
 Seest thou the beams that round us shine
 Of HEAVEN's premeditated grace ?
 Oh! speak! for thou'rt a master in the speech
 That to the soul's remotest depths can reach;
 A place there is within thy poet heart
 Where heavenly thoughts like holy angels bide;
 Thou drawest at times the hiding veil aside,
 And from its home thou causest to depart
 A living verse to go abroad, and be
 A missioner of good to our humanity;
 So speak thou now in this love-moving hour,
 When new-born Nature wakes in mystic power.
 Ah! silent still! I see! I see!
 I find a key
 That opes to me
 The mystery
 Of thy deep silence now: I see
 The cloud that hangs above thy joy;
 Thy memory rests on thy angelic boy
 Who held thy hand when on thy evening walk,
 And by his little talk
 Beguiled thee so
 That life without him seemed an utter wo:
 Thy lamb is safely gathered in the fold,
 The fold eternal, in the better land;
 His hand is in the gentle SHEPHERD's hand
 And by His side he walks, as once of old
 He walked with thee along this beauteous earth.
 His eye, that glistened with a sinless mirth,
 Is brighter now: his voice,
 The sweet resonance of the sweetest bell,
 Is sweeter now in its harmonious swell,
 In that grand hymn wherewith the blest rejoice.
 He cannot come to thee, but thou,
 When GOD shall change thy brow
 And make thy vision dim,
 Shalt go to HIM.
 What though we turn to clay?
 A spring-time resurrection-day,
 Remember, shall be thine
 And mine,
 And all who follow our dear LORD
 In this brief time:
 Immortal prime
 Is theirs who trust in HIS most holy word.
 Let's homeward now: thy face again is bright;
 The spring-time shadows soon resolve in light.

Philadelphia, 1854.

A DAY ON A WESTERN RAILWAY

'Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale,
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the Rail.'

HAVING occasion to journey by land and water in the wake of the 'Star of Empire,' not long since, I stepped into an omnibus, with my trunks rattling on in advance of us upon a dray, and was at last safely deposited at the *dépôt*. Having seen my baggage placed in the baggage car, and having received my check for the same, I hastened to the ticket office, and relieving my 'porte-monnaie' of a sum sufficient to insure my ultimate arrival at the termination of the road, provided, of course, no accident intervened to prevent, (in which case, I presume the *body* is at the owner's risk,) I sauntered leisurely along the platform, waiting impatiently the ringing of the last bell as the signal of our departure. Porters were shouting at the top of their lungs, and in their peculiar nasal twang, 'City Hotel baaggidge here unclaimed;' 'St. Charles *Ho-tel omneebus* jest gwaing up;' 'Any owner here for this 'ere ridicule, from the Waverley?' Apple-women and news-boys, venders of cheap publications, James's last novel, and books in *yellow* covers, the which they thrust in your face every five moments with 'Have a book, sir?' 'only two shillin's.' Here and there a group of German or Swiss emigrants are huddled together, preparatory to their exit from the city in one of the 'hyena trains,' on their way to their new homes, perhaps in Iowa or Minnesota. Their huge, iron-bound chests, brought from the Faderland, stand, with sundry other piles of merchandise, awaiting their removal to the freight cars.

But soon the great bell of the station tolls forth a warning peal, and as it reverberates through the building, the motley crowd hasten pell-mell to secure their seats, and some—for there always will be *some* loiterers—are just starting to see their baggage on board, or 'rushing in hot haste' to the window of the ticket-office. And now the engine-bell rings; the iron horse pants and puffs, as if struggling to free himself of the lengthy train to which he is bound; and the big drive-wheels are in motion. We move slowly from the dark and smoky *dépôt*; our speed increases, and anon we are in the open air, and leaving the dust and dirt of the city behind us.

Now we enter a long tract of heavy-timbered wood-land. Tall trees, the hickory, beech, and maple, spread their green branches above us, shutting out the sunbeams, while a delightful breeze, redolent of flowers and green-wood perfumes, comes in at the open windows.

Who has not read Saxe's 'Rhyme of the Rail'? It is perfect in its way, and the very metre is in keeping with the puff of the engine. I always think of it when 'riding on a rail,' and involuntarily the verses

fall in and keep time with the monotonous noise of both engine and cars.

And now that we are fairly on our way, let us divine some method to pass away the sing-song hours incident to a railway ride. Our fellow-passengers have each their own peculiar way of amusing themselves, and why should not we? One is reading the morning paper, another a shilling novel; another is satisfying (or endeavoring to do so) the demands of an appetite, not surfeited by a hasty breakfast at a second-class hotel. One burly old gentleman, a very Falstaff in his personal appearance, is nodding over some little volume in very fine print, though it is still so early in the day. He came up on the last evening's boat, and slept not a wink, for the violence of the storm and the attacks of his '*fellow-passengers*' in the same berth.

'Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers.'

A sudden jerk in the motion of the cars awakens him partly, and he resumes his reading, but in another moment is again 'locked in the arms of Morpheus.'

Here, just in front of us, a little group of gentlemen are busily discussing the prospects of 'Scott stock'; there another party are as eagerly engaged upon those of the opposing candidate. Behind us an inveterate old joker is telling a variety of anecdotes to his companion, and, from the frequent bursts of merriment, they seem to be remarkably well pleased with each other. Opposite us two honest-looking farmers, greatly interested in the wheat crop, are commenting upon its appearance upon the farms through which we pass, while behind them their wives are chatting upon their respective household matters at home — the one giving her experience in the art of poultry raising, and the number of eggs her hens have produced thus far the present season; the other is discoursing upon her dairy, how many cows she has, and the quantity of rich, golden butter she has sent to market this summer. Just behind them, a young boarding-school miss languishes. She has just completed her education, and graduated from one of the most fashionable institutions for young ladies in the city of New-York. Her education has not extended to domestic duties, but consists in the superficial accomplishments which every young lady of the present day is expected to possess: a slight knowledge of French and Italian, a faint idea of piano-thumping, together with a few miserably-designed and worse-executed drawings, complete the catalogue of her attainments. She has, perhaps, had a few flirtations, and, in consequence, has had occasion to read some of the sentimental ballads in Byron's '*Hours of Idleness*.' She sneers very scornfully at the conversation of the farmers' wives, and rolls up her eyes very tragically at their mention of milking the cows; sighs very often as if anxious to be delivered from the presence of such '*vulgar, horrid creatures*' as they. A city exquisite is closely scrutinizing the damsel from another quarter of the car, and leers and ogles her through his glass, then twirls his moustache and strokes his imperial with an air that expresses an intention to try his fascinations upon her. He flourishes a huge filled ring, in which is set a fiery cornelian, and sucks

the wiry head of his rattan very complacently, now and then jerking from his pocket a white cambric handkerchief, redolent of 'Patchouly' or 'West End.' There, in that remote corner of the car, as if shunning the observation of the crowd, sits a female clad in the deepest mourning. Sombre, indeed, are her habiliments; a black veil, so thick as to be almost impenetrable, conceals her features; but her figure, which is slightly bent, denotes that she is evidently past the meridian of life. She appears to be travelling alone. She holds no communication with any one, and does not raise her veil even when the conductor calls for her ticket. Instinctively, we ask ourselves what friend she has lost. We feel a secret compassion for her, sad and lone as she seems to be.

'HAD she a sister? had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?'

A few seats in front of her is a youth in the uniform of the United States, whom, from his dashing, military air, and the satisfactory look with which he regards his trappings, we take to be a recent graduate of West Point, just on a trip to visit some Western relatives, previous to his entrance upon the service of his country. By his side sits a 'fellow' wearing the livery of the '*Independent Order*' of B'hoys, decked out in a flashy coat with gilt buttons, a pair of inexpressibles of an enormous plaid pattern — so large, indeed, that there are but two horizontal and one perpendicular stripe in their whole extent. He also wears a very gaudy waistcoat, set off with a galvanised chain, large enough for cable to any North River sloop, and a quantity of seals 'thereunto appertaining and belonging;' and a white hat with a 'weed,' — the latter not as a badge of mourning for any relative, but merely as 'ornamental.'

'STRANGER on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker, I
Wonder what they mean;
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine.'

And then we have the 'woman with her baby.' There is always at least *one* baby on every train of cars, and more often *scores*. And the said baby never rode *all* of one day on a railway train without giving some examples of his vocal abilities.

On we go, rattling along at an incredible speed, through defiles and green valleys, over high bridges, with rushing streams far down below us, and thriving towns in the distance, with their neat, pretty cottages shaded with ancient elms and lindens. Here we pass a saw-mill, there a grist-mill, with its dusty windows and its doors, out of which the miller, covered with flour from head to foot, emerges to catch a glimpse of the train as it rushes past. Soon the whistle shrieks, and we slacken speed to approach a station. Presently we stop short; the conductor appears, calls the name of the place, and the passengers who are to leave us here make preparations accordingly, among whom are our

farmers and their wives, with the boarding-school miss, who, of course, highly indignant that *they* should *presume* to stop at the same station.

Here comes a flood of urchins, barefoot and ragged, with baskets of fruit, shingles of molasses candy, cakes, and lemonade in dirty-looking pails; bundles of winter-green, 'only a penny a bunch,' which are thrust under your olfactories in rapid succession. More passengers make their appearance, and, perchance, you will recognize some familiar face. One often does in travelling.

But the bell rings, and people hasten to take their last kiss, and give the parting shake of the hand, and off again we go. Now we shoot through a tunnel under some long, rocky hill, and the cars make a terrible rumbling, *shocking* to weak nerves.

'Bless me! this *is* pleasant
Riding on the rail!'

The day wears on. We stop at noon, for a half hour, to satisfy the demands of appetite; and there is a general rush to the dining-hall. Here we meet the down-train passengers, and, of course, there is a great crowd. Snatching a few mouthfuls, we hasten back to the car, fearful that our seat may be taken. Notwithstanding the precaution of leaving our carpet-bag upon the cushion, we find it has been removed, and the seat filled by an over-grown country boy, who seems to consider himself equally entitled to the right of it with ourselves. We politely state the fact of its previous occupancy, and wait a moment for him to vacate it; but he seems loth to abdicate. Finally, after some little remonstrance, he slowly uncoils his huge limbs, and reluctantly relinquishes it, at the same time giving us a look expressive of volumes.

Again the signal is given, and once more we move on. On, by waving fields of corn and wheat ready for the approaching harvest; on, by thrifty orchards, laden with fair rosy-looking apples; over swift little running brooks; now through a wood, now over a small prairie, on which are scattered here and there comfortable-looking farm-houses, at whose doors and windows blooming country maidens look out smilingly as we hurry past, and long for the privilege of a ride in the 'cars.'

Away through that little grove of oak-trees, do you see that church spire glistening in the red sun-light? It seems to be at least two miles distant — and — but there is the whistle of the engine, and here we are at the station of a very pretty village. We stop but a moment, and off we fly again; the spire fades just as quickly behind us, and in a moment more is out of sight. The sunbeams falling upon the crimson plush cushions of the car turn to a deeper orange, and then a red, as the sun sinks down the west. We are fast coming to the end of our day's ride. Look away on ahead, where that silver sheet of water stretches down beyond that distant piece of woods. The sun is just going down, and we could almost fancy that lake his resting-place. A fresh breeze springs up, and the cool evening air is delightfully refreshing to us, weary travellers. Deeper and deeper grows the twilight, and we have composed ourselves for a short nap; but anon are quickly roused by the whistle and the succeeding diminution of speed. Then there is a stop and a jar, and we spring suddenly to our feet. Passengers are all mov-

ing, with cloaks, overcoats, and satchels thrown over their arms; all are intent upon gaining the platform of the cars. Without, a crowd of hackmen, cabmen, carmen and runners are vociferating in an hundred different tones of voice, each for his separate hotel, steamboat, omnibus, or hack. The principal portion of the crowd disperses, and we select one of the omnibus drivers to take charge of our trunks; and stepping into his 'bus, we drive off to our hotel, and thus bid adieu for the time being to the railway train. And this ends our 'say.'

Ann-Arbor, (Mich.,) July, 1852.

NESHOTA.

A M E R I C A

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED' BY AN ADOPTED CITIZEN.

I.

UPON Atlantic wave,
COLUMBUS, wise and brave,
Saw night-clouds fleck the sky;
Hope and the sea were dark,
Restless his men and bark;
When, from the shrouds, a cry:
One little word was echoed by his band;
Heaven's word to the poor mariner — '*Land!*'

II.

The morning's light unfurled
A new, a glorious world —
World of that prophet's dream!
Fruits, at the very shore;
Flowers, where the eagles soar;
Bright wings in sun-light gleam:
He saw how all was good, for man was free;
The very mocking-bird cried, '*Liberty!*'

III.

More lovely now the land:
See! Labor's honest hand
Hath scattered seed afar;
And raised the fruit and corn,
Cities where arts are born,
And dread steam's fiery car.
While human joys, with all good things, increase,
And the day cries, and the night whispers, '*Peace!*'

IV.

Home of the busy brave!
Nobly thy banners wave
O'er million arms that now
Point to the battles won
Through GOD and WASHINGTON!
And beckon to the flow
Of wanderers who, like me, heart-grateful say:
'Hope of the world! Heaven bless *America!*'

C. E.

MY DUEL WITH CAPTAIN ELLIOTT.

'My duel with Captain Elliott,' said the Doctor, lighting a fresh cigar, 'took place during the war with Mexico. But, before I proceed, I must give you a short account of my previous history.

'Elliott and I had been rivals and enemies from our very boyhood. We were educated at the same public-school. Before I arrived, he was the pet, the hero, the Napoleon, so to speak, of the school; the leader alike in study, in sport, and in mischief. He was a proud, imperious, overbearing boy, though with many generous and endearing qualities; and, out of school, his will was law to the boys, as much as that of the teacher was in school.

'When I arrived, however, being about his own age, and a lad of considerable spirit, I refused to submit to his authority; and there being many mal-contents in the school, who secretly disliked him, they one by one enrolled themselves under my standard, and we were thus divided into separate factions. Numberless were the pitched battles which we had, as well as the personal conflicts for supremacy; numberless the 'bloody noses and cracked crowns;' numberless the reprimands and even more tangible inflictions of the teachers. Elliott and I were, in fact, always at variance, always crossing each other, and agreeing in nothing except in hating each other cordially.

'When we left school, he went to West Point, and I to the Medical College, and we lost sight of each other for some years. In due course of time, I commenced practising as a physician; but finding it did not pay very well, and being besides of a somewhat roving and adventurous disposition, I applied for and obtained the appointment of army-surgeon, and was immediately ordered to Fort —.

'I had been there but a short time, when the Commandant, brave old Gurley, whom some of you doubtless remember, died of fever. An officer, of the name of Elliott, was appointed to succeed him; and you may judge of my mortification when I found it was my old enemy. Much as it galled my pride, I was obliged here to submit to his authority; but I did it, I assure you, with a very bad grace.

'Elliott was essentially changed since I had last known him; the impetuous, overbearing boy had become a grave, quiet, reserved man, who could, if he chose, render himself a very agreeable companion, but who seldom took the trouble to do it. Many of the officers, however, and all the men, liked him very much; but, somehow, there seemed to be an impassable barrier fixed between him and me. I disliked his reserve, which I attributed to pride; and he complained of my boisterousness, as he was pleased to call it. He did, indeed, make some efforts to conciliate me at first, but seeing I repulsed them, he withdrew himself behind his entrenchments, and treated me ever after with a coldness absolutely freezing.

'Things were in this state, when an uncle of Elliott's, with his wife and daughter, stopped for a short time in the vicinity of the fort, on their way to Washington. The daughter, Miss Eveline, was a charming

young lady, and every unmarried man in the garrison immediately fell in love with her. It would weary you to enumerate the pic-nics, the water-parties, the drives, the balls that were given in honor of her. A good-humored rivalry prevailed among us for her preference; and bets were taken as to whether Davis, or Jones, or the Doctor, or the Commandant himself, had the best chance.

‘For myself, I was, I do think, seriously in love with the charming girl. To be sure she did not give me much encouragement, but I tried to encourage myself. I rode with her, walked with her, danced with her, and kept by her as much as I possibly could. I saw that Elliott scowled darker than ever upon me, but I did not care for that; in fact I was glad of an opportunity of giving him pain, and showing him that his dislike for me was not shared by all his connections.

‘On the evening before her intended departure, there had been a farewell ball. I had danced with her the whole evening, while Elliott, who did not dance at all that night, sat moodily conversing with her father. I was so fascinated with her, and so grieved at the thought of her leaving, that before I slept that night, I resolved to see her in the morning and make her a tender of my heart.

‘Accordingly, as early as decency permitted, I called, and was by the blundering servant shown at once into her presence, where an extraordinary scene presented itself. On a sofa in the room, her face buried in the cushions, her dress disordered, her beautiful hair, which curled naturally, ‘all in a tangle,’ and her attitude denoting the very prostration of despair, lay the charming girl I had parted from last night in the exuberance of youthful and light-hearted joy. On a table beside her, and on the floor, were scattered innumerable letters, and a portrait, a locket, a blue ribbon, and a withered rose, lay carelessly among them.

‘She rose on my entrance, and would have denied herself, but it was too late. Her eyes were bloodshot with weeping, and her fair cheeks swollen and discolored. I took her hand and with much solicitude inquired the cause of her sorrow. A fresh burst of grief was her only answer, and it was some time before she was sufficiently composed to give me an explanation.

‘It appeared that she had been for a long time engaged to her cousin Elliott; and that he had, in a fit of mad jealousy, returned her letters and tokens, and formally broken the engagement.

‘‘It was my fault,’ said she, sobbing, ‘all my fault. I did wrong to play with his noble nature.’

‘‘His noble nature!’ said I, bitterly; for, as you may suppose, I did not feel in the blandest of humors at the discovery I had just made.

‘‘Oh, Dr. C——,’ said she, ‘you do not know him. He is the best, the noblest of men; and I have lost him — lost him by my own mad folly.’ Here she fell into such a passion of weeping again, that I forgot my own disappointment in my solicitude for her. I suggested that perhaps an explanation could be made.

‘‘Impossible!’ said she. ‘It was my flirting with you, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Davis, that offended him — and how could that be explained? I am sure it was not that I cared a cent for one of you,’ (fancy my feelings!) ‘but I am naturally fond of admiration. I have

tried to cure myself of it, but can not. Oh! Dr. C——, my heart is broken! Here — read his note.'

'She gave me a piece of paper, crumpled with her burning hand, and wet with her tears, on which I read as follows:

'MADAM: In returning you the letters and tokens, which I have had the honor to receive from you, I wish you to understand that the engagement between us is broken off, now and for ever. You are now at liberty to flirt with whom you please. I can not share a heart with twenty others.'

'Just like him!' said I, with bitterness, when I finished this laconic and sententious epistle; and was going to indulge in a philippic against him, but she checked me with such spirit, that I was fain to hold my peace. I then offered, for her sake, to go to Elliott, and endeavor to explain the matter.

'Alas!' said she, 'you cannot; he went off this morning before daylight, on a three months' furlough, leaving that cruel note and the packet of letters, to be delivered to me on awaking. He has gone, I presume, to New-Hampshire, where his friends reside.'

'Here we were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Eveline's mother; and I took my leave, quite cured of my love-fit, and very thankful that I had not subjected myself to the pain of a refusal.

'But I am spinning out my story too long.

'When Elliott returned from his furlough, he treated me with even greater coldness than before; in fact, we never spoke to each other at all, except when duty compelled us to do so. This made it so disagreeable to me, that I was on the point of applying for an exchange, when the war with Mexico broke out; we were ordered on active service, and private animosities were forgotten in our zeal against the common foe.

'Elliott and I continued on much the same terms, although, in spite of my dislike, I could not help admiring his bravery, his noble daring, his energy and presence of mind, and his fatherly care of the troops under his command. Still, however, the flame was smouldering in our bosoms, only waiting an opportunity to break out. At last the opportunity came.

'Elliott had been left in charge of a large number of sick and wounded, while the rest of the army pressed on toward the Halls of the Montezumas. I of course was there, with several assistants. We were encamped in a picturesque little hamlet, situated in a wild, romantic neighborhood; and the country being pretty quiet, we were in the habit of venturing some distance from the encampment, shooting, sketching, or perhaps flirting; for you know, our fellows did not extend to the Mexican señoritas the hostile feelings with which they regarded the men. For myself, I can not say that I admired them much; some of them were very pretty, to be sure, but that abominable habit they have of smoking cigaritos spoiled them in my eyes. I like a good cigar myself,' said the Doctor, relighting the one he held, which had gone out, 'but I do n't like to see a woman smoking. I could n't fancy Venus herself with a cigar in her mouth.

'Well, one morning I had sauntered forth, port-folio in hand, for the purpose of taking some sketches; and in the course of my wanderings came upon a pretty little dwelling by the side of a waterfall, in a

sweet, sequestered spot. On a mossy bench by the door sat a young girl of wonderful beauty, in a showy but picturesque dress, with a guitar in her hand, the sweet melody of which blended delightfully with the soft murmuring dash of the waterfall, and the gurgling of the little stream beyond it. It was a picture of surpassing beauty and loveliness, and I immediately sat down on a fallen tree to commit it to paper.

‘While thus employed, a man was observed approaching, whom I soon found was no other than Elliott himself. As he neared the cottage, the young girl, who had evidently been expecting him, threw down her guitar and ran eagerly to meet him. He sat down beside her on the bench; when suddenly observing me, he started as if a serpent had stung him, and hastily approached me. He glared upon me with a look in which all the hatred that had been gathering for so many years seemed concentrated.

‘This is the second time, sir,’ said he, fiercely, ‘that you have crossed my path — it shall be the last time! Follow me if you dare!’

‘If by ‘crossing your path,’ said I, ‘you mean an allusion to that young woman, I assure you I have not spoken to her, nor approached nearer to her than I am now.’

‘Must I call you coward?’ said he; ‘Will you follow me or not?’

I threw down my drawing materials and followed him. He entered the chapparal, and led the way to a clear space near a running brook. Here he turned, and drew his sword. ‘Defend yourself!’ he exclaimed.

‘Captain Elliott,’ said I, ‘although I am not conscious of having injured you, I am ready to give you the satisfaction you demand. But had we not better return to the camp, obtain seconds, and conduct the affair in the regular manner?’

‘No,’ said he, ‘I will not wait. I will hold no further parley with you. Defend yourself!’

Thus adjured, I drew my sword; but had scarcely done so when something whizzed past me, a sharp report was heard, and with a wild cry Elliott fell at my feet. I looked for an instant behind me, and saw the dark countenances of half-a-dozen Mexicans as they prepared to reload their pieces, and then fled into the chapparal, ‘tarrying no longer question.’ On — on I sped; this way and that way, through the tangled thicket, tripping my feet on long trailing vines, scratching my hands on thorns; until, completely worn out, I climbed up a lofty tree and hid myself among its leafy branches. Here I remained for several hours, and heard my pursuers crashing amongst the under-wood, shouting, swearing, calling to each other; but gradually the sounds died away, the chase seemed to be given up, and I was left alone in that wild, unbroken solitude.

The afternoon was far advanced when, driven partly by hunger, partly by the dread of passing the night in the chapparal, I ventured to descend from my leafy covert, where the mosquitoes had made a feast of me, and the monkeys had chattered at me with their strange, mocking gestures. By the aid of my pocket-compass, I found my way back to the clearing whence I had so suddenly departed. After carefully reconnoitring, to see that none of my Mexican friends were lingering

near — (to this day I suspect that young woman of having sent them after us) — I advanced to the spot where poor Elliott had fallen.

‘He was lying on his face in a pool of blood, his hands clutching the grass, his hair and uniform dabbled in blood, and his fine, manly form (he was one of the finest-looking fellows in the army) pierced with three or four ghastly wounds. ‘Ah! poor fellow! poor fellow!’ said I, as I stood and gazed upon him; for though I was rid of a mortal enemy, I could not help feeling sorry that so brave a soldier should thus perish like a dog, shot down by an unseen foe. ‘But, thank God!’ I ejaculated, with a thrill of indescribable pleasure, ‘thank God! I did not kill him!’

‘I had turned him over on his back, and as I thus stood moralising, I thought I perceived his bosom heave. I placed my hand upon his heart, and found that he still lived. As I knelt by him, uncertain what to do, he opened his half-glazed eyes, and I saw his parched lips try to form the word ‘Water!’ My first impulse was to run to the brook which flowed at a short distance; my next to stop short and consider. Should I restore to life the man who, a few minutes before, had been thirsting for my blood? who had hated me all his life? who had wronged me, slighted me, and even called me coward? No! I would leave him to the fate which his own rashness had provoked. I turned my back upon him; but suddenly, as if traced with a finger of fire, there were borne in upon my mind the words of Holy Writ: ‘If thine enemy hunger, give him food; *if he thirst, give him drink.*’ And fast upon them came that other Divine sentence: ‘Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it *not* unto ME!’

‘I seized his cap and ran to the brook for water, with which I moistened his parched lips, and bathed his gory temples. Taking my case of instruments from my pocket, I then proceeded to probe his wounds. The Mexicans, I forgot to mention, had rifled him of his watch and other valuables; but, in tearing open his shirt, I found a small locket, suspended from his neck by a hair-chain, which had escaped their search. I opened it. It contained his mother’s portrait. (He was her only son, and she was a widow.) ‘Thank God!’ I again ejaculated; ‘that mother’s curse will not light on me.’

‘What to do with my patient, after having dressed his wounds, was what puzzled me. To remove him myself was impossible; to leave him there, exposed to wild beasts, and to the burning rays of the sun, after having partially restored him to life, seemed cruel however, I half but there was no alternative. Before leaving him, and unnatural; carried, half dragged him into the shade of a tree about a hundred yards distant. It would be impossible to describe my sensations when I found myself with my deadly enemy in my arms — the two hearts so lately boiling over with malice and revenge, and all the darkest passions of our nature, now throbbing peacefully against each other; his, poor fellow! with a motion so faint and low as to be scarcely perceptible.

‘Well, I hurried to the encampment for assistance, and soon had him conveyed thither in safety. For many weeks he lay, hovering between life and death; for the pain of his wounds, which were very severe, the

loss of blood, and the exposure to the sun, brought on brain-fever, and nothing but the most unremitting care and attention saved his life. He bore his sufferings with that noble endurance which is true heroism, and which, let me tell you, is a much rarer article than mere courage in the field. In fact, he displayed during his sickness so many admirable qualities, that it was a mystery to me how I could have mistaken his character so completely. Whether it was owing to this, or to my having done him a service, I cannot tell; but insensibly the hatred all melted from my heart, and in its stead sprung up a feeling of strong regard for him. Curious, was n't it?

'But whether this feeling was reciprocated or not, I knew not; for, although his manner toward me was peculiarly soft and gentle, and his eyes would light up when I approached his couch, he remained as taciturn and reserved as ever, and never made any allusion to the subject of our quarrel. I felt a little piqued at his silence; for I could not help thinking that my having saved him from a miserable death deserved at least a few words of acknowledgment. More than once he seemed on the point of broaching the subject; but he appeared to be waiting for me to begin it, and I, of course, waited for him.

'At last, he was so far recovered that my professional services were no longer required. As I rose to take leave at my last visit, I signified as much to him, and added:

'Am I to understand, Captain Elliott, that we return to the same footing as we were on before?'

'The same footing? God forbid!' he exclaimed, with a sudden earnestness that surprised me.

'Because,' continued I, 'if you wish to finish the quarrel so inopportunistically interrupted, you will find me ready at any time.'

'Do you wish to renew that unhappy quarrel?' asked he, an expression of deep disappointment overspreading his countenance.

'Who, I? Most certainly not,' said I: 'but you demanded satisfaction, Captain Elliott, and until that demand is withdrawn, I must, of course, hold myself in readiness to grant it.'

'I withdraw it now,' said he, speaking very quick. 'I ask your pardon for my rash and injurious words. If that will not satisfy you, I will bare my bosom to your sword, but I will never,' said he with emotion, 'raise my hand against the noble, the magnanimous preserver of my life!' Those were his very words. After a pause, he added: 'Dr. C——, we have all our lives misunderstood each other—believe me, had I known your worth sooner, I would have acknowledged it. We have been enemies long enough—let us now be friends. Will you try to overlook what is past? Will you be my friend?'

'My dear Captain Elliott!' cried I, deeply touched by this generous speech, 'I *am* your friend. Since I carried you in my arms in that lonely glade of the chapparal, I have become so much attached to you that I would as soon shoot my own brother as lift a finger against you.'

'I held out my hand to him, but he threw himself on my breast, and burst into tears, for his nerves were weak with his recent illness.

'There was no more coldness after that, no more reserve—all was open and above-board between us; and I am proud to say that the

more we unfolded our hearts to each other, the more highly did we esteem each other.

‘I had the happiness afterward of reconciling him to his fair cousin, to whom he was still fondly attached, (notwithstanding the little episode of the *señorita*;) and,

“When wild war’s deadly blast was blown,
And gentle peace returning,’

I ‘assisted,’ as the French say, at their wedding, which took place in New-Orleans. The very day after that interesting event, I was seized with yellow fever; and Elliott and his new-made wife spent their honeymoon at my bed-side — the truest, faithfulest, most devoted friends that ever a man had in this world!

‘And that,’ said the Doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, ‘was the upshot of my duel with Captain Elliott.’

L U N A C I E S .

THE moon is up; the stars have all retired,
As if they feared to break the solitude
Of their calm-loving Queen. One fleecy cloud
Has left the courtier-train that serves the sun,
And put its robe of glory off, to bathe
In the full, o’erflowing fountain of her light,
And strengthen for its journey. A quiet
Rests down upon the earth from the great void,
And soothes its day-time restlessness, and stills
The feverish throbbings of its pulse, as if
The GREAT PHYSICIAN laid his hand upon it.
No sound is heard, save when some passing spirit
Lingers among the trees, and kindly stops,
To whisper, with a pleasing, mournful voice,
Its sorrow for our fearful doom of care,
And the great joy of calm. All doubt, and fear,
Ambition, and the eagerness of hope,
The phantoms that the sun-light conjures up,
To weary us of life, have fled away
From the calm presence of this holy eve.
In such an hour as this, God stoops to us
From the deep sky, and kindly makes us feel
How great this soul of ours, how greater far
Than all the littleness of passion.

If we might always breathe this quiet air!
If we could fill the chambers of the soul
With this great calmness, and shut fast the doors,
And give no heed to the loud-knocking cares
That claim admittance with the dawning light!

Alas! that we must let our angels go!
That this half-hour of heavenly whispering
Should be a lotus-island in our way,
Where we can only rest a single night!
The doom of toil is on us, and the hours
That usher in the day will bring again
The burden and the staff, and we must march,
Until our weary feet shall reach the land,
The shadowy, silent land, where life is rest.

Great Barrington, Mass, 1858.

H. H.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HIVE OF THE BEE-HUNTER. By THOMAS B. THORPE, *pseudonym* 'TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter.' In one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE reading public, especially of the west and south, have become familiar with the writings of the author of this very pleasant volume. His characteristics are great clearness and simplicity of style, close observation of nature and character, and a certain dry humor of description, which is especially captivating. His sketch of 'TOM OWEN, the Bee-Hunter' is an excellent illustration of his felicity in this regard; and his picture of 'Wild Turkey-Shooting' is another 'case in point.' We can see, what is the fact, that the writer is an artist, and that in writing, as in painting, a picture is always before him. Observe the following admirable description of the habits of the wild turkey. The way he looks out for himself is 'a caution.'

'We once knew an Indian, celebrated for all wood craft, who made a comfortable living by supplying a frontier town with game. Often did he greet the villagers with loads of venison, with grouse, with bear, but seldom, indeed, did he offer the esteemed turkey for sale. Upon being reproached for his seeming incapacity to kill the turkey, by those who desired the bird, he defended himself as follows:

'Me meet moose; he stop to eat, me shoot him. Me meet bear; he climb a tree — no see Indian; me shoot him. Me meet deer; he look up — say may be Indian, may be stump — and me shoot him. Me see turkey great way off; he look up and say, Indian coming, sure; me no shoot turkey; he cunning too much.'

'I rather think,' said a turkey-hunter, 'if you want to find a thing *very cunning*, you need not go to the fox or such varmints, but take a gobbler. I once hunted regular after the same one for three years, and never saw him twice.

'I knew the critter's 'yelp' as well as I knew Music's, my old deer-dog; and his track was as plain to me as the trail of a log hauled through a dusty road.

'I hunted the gobbler always in the same 'range,' and about the same 'scratchins,' and he got so, at last, that when I 'called,' he would run from me, *taking the opposite direction to my own foot-tracks.*

'Now, the old rascal kept a great deal on a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Determined to outwit him, I put on my shoes, *heels foremost*, walked leisurely down the ridge, and got into the hollow tree, and gave a 'call,' and boys,' said the speaker, exultingly, 'it would have done you good to see that turkey coming toward me on a trot, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had *gone the other way.*'

'They seem incapable of being deceived, and taking every thing strange, as possessed to them of danger — whether it be a moth out of season, or a veteran hunter — they

appear to common or uncommon observers annihilated from the country, were it not for their foot-prints occasionally to be seen in the soft soil beside the running stream, or in the light dust in the beaten road.

'A veteran gobbler, used to all the tricks of the hunter's art; one who has had his wattles cut with shot; against whose well-defended breast had struck the spent ball of the rifle; one who, although almost starved, would walk by the treasures of grain in the 'trap' and 'pen;' a gobbler who will listen to the plaintive note of the female until he has tried its quavers, its length, its repetitions, by every rule nature has given him; and then perhaps not answer, except in a smothered voice, for fear of being deceived; such a turkey will W — select to break a lance with, and, in spite of the chances against him, win.

'The turkey-hunter, armed with his 'call,' starts into the forest; he bears upon his shoulder the trusty gun. He is either informed of the presence of turkeys, and has a particular place or bird in view, or he makes his way cautiously along the banks of some running stream; his progress is slow and silent; it may be that he unexpectedly hears a noise, sounding like distant thunder; he then knows that he is in close proximity of the game, and that he has disturbed it to flight. When such is the case, his work is comparatively done.

'We will, for illustration, select a more difficult hunt. The day wears toward noon; the patient hunter has met no 'sign,' when suddenly a slight noise is heard, not unlike, to unpracticed ears, a thousand other wood-land sounds; the hunter listens; again the sound is heard, as if a pebble dropped into the bosom of a little lake. It may be that woodpecker, who, desisting from his labors, has opened his bill to yawn; or, perchance, yonder little bird so industriously scratching among the dead leaves of that young holly. Again, precisely the same sound is heard; yonder, high in the heavens, is a solitary hawk, winging its way over the forests, its rude scream etherealized, might come down to our ears, in just such a sound as made the turkey-hunter listen; again the same note; now more distinct. The quick ear of the hunter is satisfied; stealthily he intrenches himself behind a fallen tree, a few green twigs are placed before him, from among which protrudes the muzzle of his deadly weapon.

'Thus prepared, he takes his 'call,' and gives one solitary '*cluck*,' so exquisitely that it chimes in with the running brook and the rustling leaf.

'It may be, that a half a mile off, if the place be favorable for conveying sound, is feeding a 'gobbler;' prompted by his nature, as he quickly scratches up the herbage that conceals his food, he gives utterance to the sounds that first attracted the hunter's attention.

'Poor bird! he is bent on filling his crop; his feelings are listless, common-place; his wings are awry; the plumage on his breast seems soiled with rain; his wattles are contracted and pale — look! he starts! — every feather is instantly in its place; he raises his delicate game-looking head full four feet from the ground, and listens; what an eye; what a stride is suggested by that lifted foot! gradually the head sinks; again the bright plumage grows dim, and with a low *cluck*, he resumes his search for food.

'The treasures of the American forest are before him; the choice pecan-nut is neglected for that immense 'grub-worm' that rolls down the decayed stump, too large to crawl; now that grasshopper is nabbed; presently a hill of ants presents itself, and the bird leans over it, and, with wondering curiosity, peering down the tiny hole of its entrance, out of which are issuing the industrious insects.

'Again that *cluck* greets his ear; up rises the head with lightning swiftness; the bird starts forward a pace or two, looks around in wonder, and answers back.

'No sound is heard but the falling acorn; and it fairly echoes, as it rattles from limb to limb, and dashes off to the ground.

'The bird is uneasy; he picks pettishly, smooths down his feathers, elevates his head slowly, and then brings it to the earth; raises his wings as if for flight, jumps upon the limb of a fallen tree, looks about, settles down finally into a brown study, and evidently commences thinking.

'An hour may have elapsed; he has resolved the matter over; his imagination has become inflamed; he has heard just enough to *wish to hear more*; he is satisfied that no turkey-hunter uttered the sounds that reached his ear, for they were *too few and far between*; and then there rises up in his mind some disconsolate mistress, and he gallantly flies down from his low perch, gives his body a swaggering motion, and utters a distinct and prolonged *cluck*, significant of both surprise and joy.

'On the instant, the dead twigs near by crack beneath a heavy tread, and he starts off under the impression that he is caught; but the meanderings of some ruminating cow inform him of his mistake. Composing himself, he listens; ten minutes since he challenged, when a low cluck in the distance reaches his ears.

'Now, our gobbler is an old bird, and has several times, as if by a miracle, escaped from harm with his life; he has grown very cunning indeed.

'He will not roost two successive nights upon the same tree, so that day-light never exposes him to the hunter, who has hidden himself away in the night to kill him in the morning's dawn.

'He never gobbles without running a short distance at least, as if alarmed at the noise he makes himself; he presumes every thing is suspicious and dangerous, and his experience has heightened the instinct.

'Twice, when young, was he coaxed within gun-shot, but got clear by some fault of the percussion-caps; after that, he was fooled by an idle school-boy, who was a kind of ventriloquist, and would have been slain had not the urchin over-loaded his gun.

'Three times did he come near being killed by heedlessly wandering with his thoughtless play-fellows.

'Once he was caught in a 'pen,' and got out by an over-looked hole in its top.

'Three feathers of last year's 'fan,' decayed under the weight of a spring-trap.

'All this experience has made him a 'deep' bird; and he will sit and plume himself, when common hunters are tooting away, but never so wisely as to deceive him twice. They all reveal themselves by over-stepping the modesty of nature, and *woo him too much*; his loves are far more coy, far less intrusive.

'Poor bird! he does not know that W — is spreading his snare for him, and is even then so sure of his victim as to be revolving in his mind whether his goodly carcass should be a present to a newly-married friend, or be served up, in savory fumes, from his own bachelor but hospitable board.'

It was the fate of that unlucky gobbler to follow hundreds of his predecessors; and as to 'how it was done,' the reader will learn by perusing the delightful description in the volume before us, which we cordially commend to their perusal.

THE APOCALYPSE UNVEILED: The Day of Judgment, the Resurrection, and the Millennium, presented in a New Light. The Repossession of Palestine by the Jews, and their Conversion to CHRIST as their MESSIAH. In two volumes. New-York: E. FRENCH, 12 Bible House.

To the common reader of the Scriptures, the Revelations is almost entirely a sealed book, and but few among the orthodox commentators have arrived at any thing like unanimity in their expositions. SWEDENBORG, who claims to have been admitted into the world of spirits while yet in this life, has written an explanation, in five large volumes, which we have never had the leisure to read. We know many good men, however, who believe his claims to be well-founded, and who receive his explanations as 'law and gospel.'

'*The Apocalypse Unveiled*' appears anonymously: the writer is unknown to us, and the work would probably have passed without our notice, if our attention had not been called to it by a friend. We have read the work, and without imbibing the author's views, have been interested by it. The illustration of prophecy in the history of the world since the introduction of Christianity, strikes the mind of the reader with a peculiar force. The author believes the 'Last Judgment' to refer to a new dispensation, or epoch in Christendom. He believes in the conversion of the Jews, their return to Palestine, and in the personal reign of CHRIST on this earth, which he says is never to be destroyed by fire, but to be changed or purified, so as to be a proper abode for the REDEEMER, and all the pure and the holy.

It is not our province to pass judgment on a work like this, and we shall not, therefore, attempt any criticism of it. Our object is merely to call attention to the book. No one can read it without being deeply interested, and often startled by the conclusions of the writer, who marches up to them without seeming in the least to fear what any one may say of them.

THE UNITED STATES' GRINNELL EXPEDITION in Search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. A Personal Narrative. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., United States Navy. In one volume: pp. 551. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. HENRY GRINNELL, a retired merchant of the city of New-York, the noble liberality of whose warm and generous heart is only equalled by its attendant modesty, in the expedition of which the volume before us is a faithful record, has 'linked his honored name to future time.' And a meet exposition of the character and incidents of the benevolent enterprise has Dr. KANE given to the public; a work profuse in graphic pictorial illustrations, which enable the reader to follow, with the eye, the course of the voyagers, as he can scarcely fail to do also, when no illustrations are given, beyond the clear limnings of the writer, whose style is a model of perspicuous, simple English. The work has all the interest of a romance. We could not lay it aside, for half an hour at a time, until we had read every word of it, to the last page of the text. While we write, the indefatigable author is in the cold Arctic seas, commanding another expedition, fitted out a second time by the ever-open hand of Mr. GRINNELL. May the generous liberality of the one, and the noble daring of the other, meet with the reward which they deserve! In the absence of extracts, of which we indicated so many as we read, that the 'embarrassment of riches' prevented a selection, we give the following clear and interesting synopsis of the work, from the able hand of the editor of the '*New-York Daily Times*:'

'THE Expedition consisted of two small brigs, the *Advance*, of one hundred and forty-four tons, and the *Rescue*, of ninety, completely fitted out by the munificence of the New-York merchant from whom the enterprise takes its name. It set sail from New-York on the twenty-second of May, 1850. Ten days before, while bathing in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, Dr. KANE received an order to join the Expedition. In a week, the overland journey of one thousand three hundred miles to New-York was accomplished; a part of a day was spent here in making a few necessary preparations for the voyage; and in two days more, the vessels were beyond the boundary of the United States. A month brought them to the shores of Greenland, along which they coasted in order to gain the open water lying north of the great ice-pack in Lancaster Sound; their immediate object being to reach the waters which open into BAFFIN'S Bay from the northwest. In passing the 'Devil's Nip,' as the whalers call the mouth of MELVILLE Bay, they were caught in the ice, and five weeks of precious time, when hours were of the utmost importance to the success of the Expedition, were spent in gaining a distance of three hundred miles.

'At last, making their escape from the ice-pack, they made their way westward into BARROW'S Strait, and reached the opening of WELLINGTON Channel, running northward an unknown distance, up which it was supposed the objects of their search had passed. This conjecture proved to have been well-founded; for just at the mouth of the Channel they found remains showing that the veteran navigator had wintered there four years before. Since that time, not the faintest traces of his fate have been discovered, and every day adds weight to the probability that no more tidings of him will ever come up from those icy seas. He had apparently sailed up the Channel so hastily as not to have had time to leave behind him the slightest record of his intended route. But the Searching Expedition vainly attempted to follow upon his supposed track. The Channel was closed by a barrier of ice as impassable to the vessels as the granite ranges which girdle a continent.

'The month of August had now passed, the brief arctic summer had come to an end, and winter was beginning to set in at an unusually early period. All hope of farther prosecuting the search for that season was at an end, and it was decided to return to the United States. But this was soon put beyond their power. On the fourteenth of September, the vessels, with sails set, ceased to make their way through the ice which was rapidly forming around them. They were soon frozen fast into a moving island of ice, and left to drift helplessly to and fro at the mercy of the winds and currents.

'Here commenced that marvellous drift, unparalleled in the history of polar navigation, lasting for nearly three quarters of a year. A strong south wind drove the ice, with its embedded vessels, far up that channel which they had just before vainly attempted to penetrate; then the constant southern current slowly bore them back. Thus, for two months, they drifted back and forth in WELLINGTON Channel. Then the drift took a settled direction, and slowly bore them eastward through BARROW'S Straits and LANCASTER Sound, into BAFFIN'S Bay. It was not until June was far advanced that the vessels were freed from their icy setting.

'A large portion of Dr. KANE'S Narrative is occupied with the description of the incidents and perils of this wonderful drift. It is told in the words of his journal, written on the spot and at the time of the occurrences, which are described with a vividness which no subsequent elaboration could have attained. During almost the whole period, they were in momentary peril of being crushed or overwhelmed by the huge masses of ice among which their own island was drifting. Sometimes they would encounter a field of ice moving in a contrary direction, great fragments from which, broken by the tempest, came tumbling along, heaping themselves high above the bulwarks of the vessel; summoning all hands out in the darkness to 'fight the ice.' Other portions would slide under the vessel, lifting them completely out of the water, with one end far above the other. At other times, the ice would bear down upon them in huge mountains, grinding its way through their own island, which was now their sole protector, with a force which nothing could resist, and in a direction which seemed to render escape impossible. On one occasion, a great mass forced its way directly upon the vessel's stern, which it approached so near that a man could scarcely pass between. One half-minute more of advance, and no human power could have saved the vessel and crew. Those few inches of distance were the sole thing that intervened between them and death. The space was not passed; the mass of ice was checked, and soon froze fast close upon their stern, where it remained for five months, a solemn memorial of their danger and their deliverance. Scenes of this kind were of perpetual occurrence; fresh dangers arose every hour; the crew were kept in constant training for abandoning the vessel at any moment and trusting themselves to the ice, in the almost desperate hope of reaching the shore over the floating masses. Four times, in the course of a single twenty-four hours, the author of the Narrative had his Journal secured in a canvas bag, ready to be flung over-board, in case they were obliged to betake themselves to the ice.

'All this, it must be borne in mind, took place during the unbroken night of an arctic winter. To the constant peril, and the perpetual infernal noise of the ice crushing, and grating, and bursting around, was added the horror of unbroken gloom. It was a perpetual twilight. For months, the nearest approach to day-light was a faint rosy streak just crowning the southern horizon. For eighty-six times four-and-twenty hours, the sun never once rose above the horizon. 'Never,' says Dr. KANE, in recording the joy caused by the reappearance of the great luminary, 'never, until the graved-clod or the ice covers me, may I forego this blessing of blessings again!'

'For weeks after they were frozen fast, they were unable to make any adequate provision against the cold. It was not till the thermometer without had fallen to twenty degrees below zero, that they were able to set up stoves in the cabin; the only artificial heat in their power was derived from smoky lamps, which could raise the temperature only a little above the freezing point. The cold, however, was less insupportable than the constant dripping from every timber, produced by the condensation of the moisture of the atmosphere. At last, when the ice around them had become so solid as to afford something like security, such preparations for comfort as the case admitted, were made. The crews of both vessels were housed in the cabin of the *Advance*, the narrow limits of which became the home of thirty-three persons. Warmth was produced by three stoves; lamps supplied, as far as possible, the place of day-light, and aided in overcoming the cold. Need enough was there of their assistance, for the thermometer had now fallen to forty degrees below zero.

'The discomforts of so small a space, at once the cooking, eating, sleeping, lounging, smoking and dressing-room of so many persons, can easily be imagined. The monotonous way of life, the stifling atmosphere, the enforced want of due exercise, began to tell upon the spirits and health of the men. Their faces grew pale and livid, like those of corpses. They became moody and gloomy. They fancied they heard strange voices around them. One dreamed that he had wandered away on the ice, and had come back laden with water-melons; another had discovered Sir JOHN FRANKLIN in a beautiful valley filled with orange-groves. Then they grew strangely apathetic and careless. Their physical system shared in the depression. Old ulcers, healed long ago, and forgotten, burst out again; old wounds opened afresh; old bruises grew painful again. Dr. KANE, though himself a sufferer, brought all his art into requisition to heal the mental and bodily ills of the old salts among the crew. Some of his extra-professional remedies were equally amusing and effective; so effective, in fact, that of the entire crew not one was lost during the perilous voyage.

'When the vessels at length, after summer had set in, were freed from their icy

prison, they sailed for the Danish settlement in Greenland. The health and spirits of the crew were restored by a brief period of absence on solid ground; and it was resolved to make another attempt to prosecute the object of the expedition. Once more they turned their course to the North; and early in August, they were again braving the perils of the 'Devil's Nip,' where they had been beset the year before. But the ice was still more impracticable than they had then found it. In vain they attempted to force a passage through. The leads were all closed, and the transit across the bay was barred by a solid continent of ice. The season was every way more unpropitious than the preceding one had been; and at last it became evident that there was no hope of winning their way through the ice of LANCASTER Sound. Nothing remained but to return. With no small difficulty and peril they succeeded in making their way out of the 'Devil's Nip'; and set out on their homeward voyage. They reached New-York early in October, 1851, after an absence of eighteen months.

It is worthy of mention, as an interesting fact, that this book, so creditable in all its externals to the taste and liberality of the publishers, was just ready for publication when the entire edition was destroyed at the fire which consumed their vast establishment. Fortunately, a copy in sheets had been stitched to be sent to Mr. GRINNELL, which had scarcely been gone an hour, when the flames burst out. A most lucky incident, especially for the reading public, who are thus early enabled to enjoy one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of the present year.

SCOTIA'S BARDS: Illustrated. In one volume, Royal Octavo: pp. 563. New-York: ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS. IRVING-House Building, Broadway.

PROFUSELY illustrated, exquisitely printed, and selected with great good taste and judgment, this stands before the public as one of the most elegant and desirable publications of the season. It 'does one's eyes good' to see such effusions in such a garb; and surely it could only have been a 'labor of love,' on the part of the editor and the publishers, that has given to us so charming a work. It is well remarked in the preface, that 'the stirring history of Scotland, her struggles for liberty, both civil and religious; her magnificent scenery; the simple manners of her people; their strength of domestic affection and social feeling, all afford ample themes for poetry. Hence, her poets have always excelled in lyrical composition; and no other country can show so large, so varied, or so charming a literature of song.' Selections are here made from thirty-six elder and modern Scottish poets of distinction, to which are added thirty-four 'Miscellaneous Pieces.' Many of the poems in the collection are new to us, and will be, we think, to the general American reader. Our limits compel us to a narrow selection: so that we confine ourselves to the lines on '*Scotland*,' by ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, which is illustrative of the truth of the remarks of the editor in the introduction to his work:

'SCOTSMEN are proverbial for a love of country, which neither time nor distance suffices to abate. 'Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!' has been more than once the battle cry. No matter how far removed — whether in China or California; in the jungles of Bengal, or on the frozen heights of Labrador — their hearts yet fondly turn to the land of the Thistle and the Heather. They still glory in the achievements of a WALLACE and a BRUCE; a KNOX and a MELVILLE; and in the heroic sufferings of that long array

of martyrs, who testified to the truth with their blood. They are proud to be citizens of a land that has produced REID, and STEWART, and BROWN; BOSTON, ERSKINE, and CHALMERS; BURNS, CAMPBELL, and SCOTT; JAMES WATT, JAMES MACKINTOSH, and FRANCIS JEFFREY.'

'SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

'Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
The sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
The land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land;
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

'O Scotland! through thy wide domain
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheelling,
That is not fondly garnered up
Within its depths of feeling?

'Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad;
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

'Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the 'bonny broom,'
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood likes to gather.

'Oh! for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh! for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!

'And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration!

'Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

We were sorry not to meet, in the selections from MOTHERWELL, his exquisite 'MARY MORRISON,' which we never yet could read without tears; and almost equally regretted not to find among TANNAHILL's pieces that beautiful poem in which he bids farewell, on leaving Scotland, to 'bonny Teviotdale, and Cheviot mountains blue,' and in which occur these expressive stanzas:

'FAREWELL! ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye bonny braes and meads,
And fields I've loved so long!

'Home of our hearts! — our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee!

In the absence of this exquisite specimen of his verse, we present 'The Braes of Gleniffer,' by the same author, which is replete with simple beauty, both of sentiment and natural description:

'KEEN blows the wind o'er the Braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree:
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear JOHNNIE,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

'Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my JOHNNIE —
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 't 's winter wi' me.

'Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain.
 That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me!'

Many a thought like this filled the hearts of the weeping women who lately stood in tears upon the quay at Liverpool, and saw their lovers and friends, marching amidst the cheers of the populace, to the steamers which were to convey them to unknown dangers in the approaching war with Russia. But we must pause; simply adding, that if we have any Scottish readers who have Scottish friends — and we know we *have* both *among* both — let them purchase, either for their own or *their* gratification the beautiful volume to which we have scarcely awarded justice.

'NOTES AMBROSIANÆ' OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. With Portraits, Fac-Similes of Autographs, and Personal Memoirs. Edited by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. In five volumes. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THE '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' which were the great feature in 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine,' for nearly twenty years, have never been collected in England. An edition, in four volumes, was published in Philadelphia several years since, and has long been out of print. That edition, however, had no notes or illustrations. We perceive that J. S. REDFIELD, one of our most popular and successful publishers, has announced a new edition of the '*Noctes*,' under the supervision of, and annotated by, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of whose valuable labors in SHEIL'S '*Sketches of the Irish Bar*' we had occasion to speak favorably in our last number. This edition will be in five volumes; and beside fac-similes of autographs, and memoirs and portraits of the principal writers, (including WILSON, LOCKHART, HOGG, and MACINN,) it will be prefaced by a history of the rise and progress of 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine,' notices of the leading contributors, a great number of notes, (biographical, anecdotal, literary, and political,) and the celebrated articles called '*The Contributors in the Tent*,' in which the leading interlocutors in '*The Noctes*' were introduced, two years before the '*Noctes*' were commenced, and which have never before been published in this country. For richness and variety of matter, and for the wonderful naturalness and poetry of its style, the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' have rarely been excelled; and we shall look with 'great expectations' for the editor's notes.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOUTHEY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE DOCTOR.'—We have received the ensuing interesting communication from our old friend and correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, editor of SHIEL's *'Sketches of the Irish Bar,'* noticed at length in our last number. Few men of the present day can boast of so intimate an acquaintance with eminent men of letters in Europe as Dr. MACKENZIE. His collection of autographs (including one of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in perfect preservation) is very rare and extensive:

'My personal acquaintance with the late ROBERT SOUTHEY commenced in 1836, and was closely and familiarly continued during the following four years, or until he was visited with the mental darkness which was only dissipated by his death, in 1843. At the request of the Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, his son and biographer, I have already recorded my recollections of the poet-laureate, which are inserted in the Memoir, published by LONGMANS, of London, in 1849-50, and re-published by the HARPERS, of New-York. A great many letters passed between SOUTHEY and myself. A few of them I allowed to be published in the Memoir, by his son, but the greater portion have not yet been printed. Turning them over a few days ago, I came across one which appears likely to interest the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, inasmuch as it touches upon a curious point in literary history, and was elicited by a critical article in that periodical.

'SOUTHEY took a great interest in American literature, and very strongly expressed his regret, when first I met him, (which was in company with WORDSWORTH and Dr. LINGARD, the historian,) that he had been unable to persuade GIFFORD to adopt a more just and gentle tone of criticism in the Quarterly Review toward American writers. In a letter, dated October thirteen, 1837, SOUTHEY wrote to me as follows:

'The state of American literature is indeed singularly curious. I could have had no notion of it but for your letters, and the samples which you have so kindly supplied me with. They interest me much, as the products of a state of society unlike that of any former age, or of any other country; and when you have more to spare I shall be thankful for them.

‘My engagements are such that I can enter into no new ones: indeed, to complete the works which I have in various stages of progress, and for which I have been qualifying myself from my youth up to this time, would require more years than one who has entered upon his sixty-third can look on to, even were life less uncertain than it is. To show, however, that I am not insensible to your civilities, I will send you, ere long, an unpublished poem, which you may transmit to your friends of the KNICKERBOCKER, and for which they may send me some of their publications in return.’

‘The poem so promised, called ‘*Queen Mary’s Christening*,’ consisting of nearly two hundred lines, was duly delivered to me a few weeks after, (when SOUTHEY was passing through Liverpool *en route* to his friend Archdeacon WRANGHAM, at Chester,) was as duly forwarded by me to New-York, and was published in the KNICKERBOCKER. Subsequently, after I had quitted Liverpool, another poem (the beautiful and touching stanzas entitled ‘*My Library*’) was sent to the KNICKERBOCKER by SOUTHEY himself.

‘My residence in Liverpool from 1833 to 1838, (during which I edited the ‘*Journal*’ there, and was the weekly (I hope not *weakly*) correspondent of the late Major NOAH’s ‘*New-York Evening Star*,’ gave me many facilities for receiving books from the United States. Some of these, as will be seen by SOUTHEY’s letter, I had forwarded to Keswick, where he lived. A farther and liberal supply reached me in January, 1837, as a slight acknowledgment to SOUTHEY, from my friends of the KNICKERBOCKER, of his promise to become one of their contributors. In this supply there were some handsomely-bound volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, and a few unbound, because later numbers of that work. In the number for November, 1836, was an article called ‘*The Doctor: Proofs of its Authorship*,’ which extended over several pages, and struck me then (as it does now) by the clearness and completeness of its inductive arguments, from internal evidence, to show that the real author must be ‘aut SOUTHEY, aut DIABOLUS.’ With the sole exception of Mr. ADOLPHUS’ Letters to RICHARD HEBER, on the Authorship of the WAVERLEY Novels, this critique upon ‘The Doctor’ is the ablest, clearest, and most complete thing of the kind ever published. What adds to its value and interest is the fact that its author had not reached the age of twenty-one when he wrote it. The promise thus exhibited was amply fulfilled in later years. The author was HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, one of the most accomplished and erudite authors of his time and country. His death, at Paris, some twelve months ago, at the early age of five-and-thirty, was a great loss to letters and philosophy, both of which he had most successfully cultivated.

‘When I intimated to SOUTHEY that I had received a present of books from America for him, I somewhat anticipated Mr. WALLACE’s article, by giving a condensation of its leading points. I shall make no apology for here repeating the substance of my letter to SOUTHEY. It was as follows:

‘*Liverpool, January 18, 1837.*

‘MY DEAR SIR: MR. L. GAYLORD CLARK, editor of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, published in New-York, has sent me some volumes of that work for your acceptance. They are very handsomely bound, and lettered with your name on the side. This present is intended as an acknowledgment of your kindness in sending, through me, an original poem as your contribution to the Magazine. I shall be glad to know in what manner, most speedy and safe, as well as least expensive, I can send a parcel containing these and other volumes.

‘I shall also forward a bundle of unbound magazines, which may augment your

knowledge of the periodical literature of the United States, which appears to interest you greatly. Among them is the KNICKERBOCKER for November, containing, among other articles, one on the authorship of 'The Doctor,' which, from inductive evidence, it decidedly filiates upon yourself. It is a valuable article, independent of the subject, for it consists of a series of cumulative reasonings, carefully collected and ingeniously deduced. I can briefly indicate the line of argument adopted by the writer, and thus make you possessed of the manner, with a little of the matter, of the critique in anticipation of the article itself.

'It consists of about eight pages, closely printed, in brevier, with the extracts in smaller type. It disposes, at once and off-hand, of HARTLEY COLERIDGE's claim to the authorship by the difference of his politics, (whig, while the unknown author's are tory,) by there being a few sharp hits in 'The Doctor' at his father, and by the evidence, on avowal and by comparison, that the work could not have been written by any save a more experienced and successful author than HARTLEY COLERIDGE yet is.

'Next, the critic remarks that the author of 'The Doctor,' as well as yourself, affects the use of words uncommon, obsolete, or new-coined, which other writers do not employ. So, also, the use by both of Musselmen (instead of Musselmans) as the plural of Musselman.

'Then, the personal feelings expressed in 'The Doctor,' for or against individuals liked or disliked by himself, such as the praise of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR and SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, and the dispraise of WILLIAM SMITH, and the sneer at PORSON.

'After this, the dislike of the theory and practice of the law, strongly and frequently expressed by 'The Doctor,' and also by yourself in your avowed Essays and Colloquies.

'Other coincidences of thought and expression are stated: a mutual belief in ghosts; advocacy of the cultivation of bogs and waste lands; the conviction that the efforts of individuals might relieve the grievance of the poor laws; the dislike of manufactories; the feeling against ale-houses; the antipathy to Bible-societies and Sunday-schools; the condemnation of chimney-sweeping by children; the use of pet phrases, (such as 'the arts babblative and scribbulative;') the disgust at the Peace of Utrecht; the enmity to competition in trade; the ridicule of phrenology; the poor opinion of newspapers; the strong arguments for law-reform; and, above all these mutualities, (which are illustrated by many and full quotations of parallel passages from 'The Doctor' and your own avowed writings,) the additional fact that both authors — if both there be — have like and uncommon command and use of the stores of the Italian, Spanish, and old English literature. Nay — but I shall state this last point in the critic's own words *italics* included. He says:

'We add one circumstance which we think admits of no rebutter, and fixes the authorship, beyond skepticism, upon SOUTHEY. The author of 'The Doctor' says, (vol. ii., p. 80.) 'Lord Brooke, who is called the most thoughtful of poets, by the most book-ful of Laureates.' Where does SOUTHEY give Lord Brooke this title? In a letter to Sir EGERTON BRYDGES: 'Lord Brooke, who is the most thoughtful of all poets.' (Autobiography of Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, ii. 278.) A tolerable familiar acquaintance with SOUTHEY's writings enables us to say, with entire confidence, that he applies this phrase to our English LYCOPHRON *no where else*. Now, 'The Doctor' was published early in January, 1834 — the Autobiography of Sir EGERTON, which first gave the letter to the public, not till late in June, 1834; so that here was the author of 'The Doctor' quoting a composition of Southey's a good half year before it was published!'

'These are the main points of a clever and very interesting article. For my own part, I have given you this abstract, without the design or desire to inquire, from yourself, into this point of literary history. In the fullness of time, no doubt, the veil will be uplifted. Meanwhile, whether the authorship in question should or should not be placed to your credit, the following key may amuse you, as it is ingenious, if not correct. The critic says:

'If our readers have not been able to penetrate the meaning of the words on the last page but one of 'The Doctor,' (page 219, volume second,) we have the satisfaction of giving them the clue. The words are composed of the first syllables of the names of the author's friends, and of the author himself:

ISDIS,	.	.	.	ISRAEL DISRAELI;
ROSO,	.	.	.	ROBERT SOUTHEY.
HETA,	.	.	.	HENRY TAYLOR.
SAMRO,	.	.	.	SAMUEL ROGERS.

THEHO, . . .	THEODORE HOOK.
HENECO, . . .	HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE.
THOJAMA, . . .	THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS.
JOHOFRE, . . .	JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.
WALA, . . .	WALTER LANDOR.
VENARCHLY, . . .	VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LYELL.
VERYFWAWRA, . . .	VERY REV. FRANCIS WRENGHAM, etc.*

"I am much gratified by your praise of the lines which I wrote on the death of my daughter. They literally were composed because I was compelled to give vent to my feelings in *some* manner, and song was the most natural to me.

"Faithfully yours, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE."

'In this letter, it will be seen, I by no means *fished* for any opinion from SOUTHEY, on the authorship of 'The Doctor.' If it pleased him to keep it concealed, it would have been impertinent and improper for any friend of his to have endeavored, directly or indirectly, to get into the heart of his secret. My communication, therefore, went no farther than to say that such an article would reach him, and that it took a particular line of argument. SOUTHEY's reply was as follows:

'London, 29 Jan., 1837.

'MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the eighteenth has found me here on my way back from the Land's End in Cornwall. Here, too, the newspaper was forwarded to me; that, I mean, which contains your lively account of the scenes at Lancaster.* The other had not reached Keswick.

'The books may best be sent by the steamer to Whitehaven, and the Keswick carrier will inquire for them there: in this way my packages are commonly conveyed. In little more than three weeks I hope to be once more at home; and it will be an additional pleasure to find them there.

'You do well to write poetry, and will do well to collect your poems; for you have the means of making them known through the periodical press, without which assistance the best poems have little chance of success. Authors, and especially poets, are either the better or the worse for their own works, according to the subjects on which they employ themselves, the spirit in which they write, and the end at which they aim. That 'The Doctor' should be ascribed to me, I look upon as the greatest compliment that could be paid to any living author; but I shall not take credit for it, as Porson did for 'The Devil's Thoughts.'† The argument which you tell me has been pursued in the KNICKERBOCKER, proves only what is apparent from other circumstances; that the writer wishes it (for the present) to pass for mine, and that he is a skilful imitator. It is evident that he is very well acquainted with my writings, and I have reason to think that, directly or indirectly, he knows something of my *table-talk*. There are indeed some parts, which I should, without hesitation, filiate upon some of my friends, if it were not for a persuasion that they would not have kept the secret from me.

'Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

'If this be not tantamount to a volunteered denial, I am ignorant of the meaning of plain English. Yet, that SOUTHEY actually *did* write 'The Doctor,' is a fact as well ascertained now, as that he wrote 'The Curse of Kehama,' or the 'Life of JOHN WESLEY.' Independent of his own manuscript of 'The Doctor' being in existence, (at LONGMANS', the London publishers,)

* 'The New-York Evening Star, containing a long account of my meeting SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, and LINGARD, at Lancaster Assizes, to which all of us had been summoned to give evidence as witnesses, in what was called the Great Will Cause, (TATRAM vs. WRIGHT,) in which the heirship to immense landed and personal property was involved.'

† 'The poem is called 'The Devil's Walk,' and not 'The Devil's Thoughts.'

we have the unanswerable evidence of his widow in confirmation of the fact. Indeed, she was in the secret, both as CAROLINE BOWLES, and afterward as his wife.

'Why, then, it may be asked, should SOUTHEY have taken the trouble of volunteering a denial, and that in a *private* letter? My impression is, that seeing the secret actually discovered by the writer in the KNICKERBOCKER, and knowing that, at the time, I also was a contributor to that Magazine, and was in correspondence with the Editor, SOUTHEY endeavored to leave an impression on my mind such as, in all probability, I might communicate to my friend in New-York, to the effect of saying: 'SOUTHEY cannot be author of 'The Doctor,' because he has himself written to me that he is not.' In a word, I believe he wrote to throw the critic off the scent. At this time, too, only two volumes of 'The Doctor' had been published: had Mr. WALLACE seen the whole, he would have accumulated farther proof.

'As to the disingenuousness of this denial, I say nothing. As in SCOTT's case, with reference to the WAVERLEY Novels, perhaps SOUTHEY thought that he was justified in preserving his secret, without being very scrupulous as to the manner of doing so; and if the construction be well considered, it will be seen that, after all, SOUTHEY does not say, 'I did not write it,' but adroitly leaves me to draw that deduction, if I pleased. It certainly is most ingeniously expressed.'

'Down the River, March, 1853.

'AGAIN the spring opens, nor are its symptoms without encouragement even in this great city. A few balmy days, like those which have just elapsed, bring out of doors many who have been securely housed for a month or two, until they have become tender by the artificial heat of furnaces, and who would perish if they encountered a blast which would nip a hot-house violet. The side-walks are thronged with cheerful pedestrians, who trip lightly over the dry walks; and the spring-bonnets and gay spring dresses, the selection of which has been a matter of so much moment, are displayed for the first time. The parks and open places are full of children trundling their hoops, and nurses with infants in their arms, sent out to feel the influence of the blessed sun. In the streets there is great depth of mud, but a deficiency of bull-frogs; on the trees the buds are pouting, but the blue-bird is not heard. These welcome signs I miss; nor do I hear the murmuring of the rills released from ices, nor see the first delicious greenness which delights the eye. But here the tide of life is never frozen; it ebbs at night-fall, but it rolls and thunders on through all the day. Strong, and hot, and throbbing is the heart of a great city, which throws its prosperous blood to every part, and roars through every channel.

'As it behooves every man to adapt himself to what he finds, and according to a cheerful philosophy, to have a sort of enthusiasm for the time, place and circumstance in which he is, in my recent letters I have endeavored to say a good word for the Great Metropolis, and to find some pleasure in streets as well as in fields. It is true that 'man made the town;' but as I do not

hold to the doctrine of total depravity, I think that there is much good in the town, although it embraces more evil, and is perhaps the most corrupt work, on the whole, which man ever made. In this the 'old foggy' would not agree with me; but I shall have no more discussion with that old gentleman, as I am going 'beyond the walls' as soon as the crocuses get strong enough to bloom in the open air.

'*Rus in urbe* was never so illustrated in any thick-set metropolis as in the good city of Gotham during the present winter. This has no reference to the number of gardens which may be found. From the Battery up to where the Crystal Palace rises with its superb dome, no such thing as a pleasant garden can any longer be found. The very name of Garden-street has been changed for one more appropriate. WALTON House is burned down, and the beautiful walks and shrubberies, which once extended in the rear to the river's brink, have been shut from the view by Babylonian bricks. RUTGERS' Place and that vicinity exhibit no rustic features any more. A sombre Egyptian prison occupies the spot where the merry skaters cut their names upon the ice in days of yore. Peach and plum-trees, and strawberry-beds have ceased to be planted behind the mansions in Bleecker street. The great STUYVESANT pear-tree is still alive, and its sap is now moving upward from the root; but Country House has become town-house. Many years ago, every inhabitant might glory in a plot of ground about twenty feet square, where a few grape-vines might be trained against the walls, and the eye be fed with a very sparse meal of greens. But it has become the fashion to build the houses three rooms deep, of which the centre room is as dark as pitch; and the luxurious little yards have also been bricked up. Scarce a grape-vine, scarce a rose-bush is to be seen within the precincts. As to what are called Parks, there are none of any extent. They are but nurseries on a larger scale, to which the children remove their toys on a sun-shiny day. They are little square patches of God-made earth, surrounded north, east, south, and west by the domains of MAMMON. Nor has *rus in urbe* any reference to the show of flowers which are exhibited in windows, or in ball-rooms, or dispensed in divers places by those peculiar genii called *bouquet-men*; nor to any bad and obvious pun about the *Russ* pavement which is laid between two beds of mortar. Nor can it be said that a simplicity of manners which belongs to the Green-Mountains, or to the eastern end of Long-Island, or to Squam Beach, has lately been transferred to this exorbitant place, so as to make one realize that he is among the children of nature. Far from it. From the *blazé* boy up to the big buck, who swells out and walks in striped breeches, of which it takes two men to complete the pattern, and whose whiskers are dyed, they have altogether strayed away from the right path. It is next to impossible, without an accomplished knack of picking and stealing, to satisfy the voracious demands of living in this corrupt place. You must not look here for ululating doves or skipping lamb-kins, or for the pastoral heart. Here are no chickens.

'*Chickens!* I must correct that. It is the very point to which I am coming. Never were so many collected together in the most extensive farm-yard in the whole globe as lately in the very heart of this great city. It was the strangest anomaly which the eye ever looked on. You could scarcely

believe your creditable ears to hear so many thousand strong-lunged roosters crowing with one consent on Broadway! The Cock-and-Hen convention, (to which, of course, you know that I now refer,) lately convened, really beat every thing which the ingenuity of man has yet contrived in this convention-loving age, and was a triumph which might well be crowed over with the utmost lustiness.

'After the improvement of the breed of men, which has been attempted with indifferent success for several thousand years, the next experiment (which succeeded better) was made upon horses, who, by means of racing, curry-combing, oats, and one thing or other of that kind, were brought to a high pitch of perfection; afterward on cows and horned cattle, who increased in form, in sleekness, and in milk-giving properties, till, finally, the attention of Christian farmer-gentlemen settled down on fowls and feathered creatures. (Fishes are to come next.)

'The common barn-yard cock has not degenerated, it is supposed; but, nevertheless, not advanced at all in generous quality for the last two thousand years, from the time when he signalized the denial of PETER, or rather from when the solitary couple of the species took a sea-voyage in NOAH's ark. In comb, spurs, top-knot, and strength of crowing, he has been about the same, standing erect in a sort of pride and nobility which have not decayed, and casting about the same shadow on his throne—the dunghill. *Excelsior* was the word.

'The first emigration, as usual, began from the East. The Orientals are magnificent and showy; they are proud and stately, indolent and exclusive. The law of their country has hitherto been to stay at home. But great commotion has been lately excited at Shanghai. The inroads of barbarians have shown the latter to have better pluck, and have destroyed the *prestige* of the old dynasties. For the first time since the great deluge in China, trowsers begin to travel Eastward, and fowls in pantalettes appear in these parts. It is a good thing both for East and West.

'It was a novel idea, certainly, to bring the cackolds from every part of creation into amicable convention. The effect of it was sublimely ludicrous to the unfeathered bipeds, while the excitement among the downy people reached the most intense pitch. The Shanghai, and Cochín-China, Bramapootra, and Chittagong, Black Spanish and Dorking, Buck's County and Earl Derby, Mexican, Guinea, Sea-Bright, and Common Bantam, and last, not least, the ordinary barn-yard fowl, forgot all sectional differences, and sang a chorus unparalleled since the round world was made. BARNUM's Curiosity Shop became the scene of a still greater curiosity. The bearded lady and the petrified man, Queen ADELAIDE's carriage and the Sea-Tiger, THOMAS THUMB and the Happy Family, the Giraffes and the Duke of WELLINGTON, the living skeleton and the woolly horse, and other things too numerous to mention, which are to be seen in that wonderful depository, sank into utter insignificance from the great attraction of this immense family of barn-yard fowls. Many examined the points of a fine rooster with the same interest as they would those of a Durham bull, and admired a beautiful hen as they would an Ayrshire cow. The birds appeared under many disadvantages. The accommodations were limited, and, for the most part, already

appropriated. The air was heated, and the crowd drawn together from city and country immense. The roosters could not strut in their narrow cages. It was a bad place both to cackle and to crow in; yet these vocal exercises were performed from morning to night with the most astounding effect.

'In the course of the exhibition many excellent speeches were made, which were vociferously responded to by all the bipeds. Among other things, it was proposed that the Orientals of every kind should be hereafter known under the designation of Shanghais, which resolution was carried, a few bantams voting feebly in the negative; but the Shanghais, led on by the noble cocks MELVILLE and BENEVENTANO, spoke out with a tremendous cock-a-doodle-doo! which was enough to wake up the dead in St. PAUL'S Church-yard. At last the meeting adjourned, after voting that all the eggs which had been laid during the week should be given to the poor. Good!

'When the next Cock-and-Hen Convention shall be convened, we shall look for still farther development of the breeds. In the mean time, let the owners of henneries be of good cheer. Have a sharp look out for the chicken-stealers; keep your fowls clean, feed them well, make their nests of moss, give them unslaked lime, airy habitations, pure water; read the volume of Mr. ABIAH Cock, and see what can be done during the coming year, in this important branch, for the enrichment of the nation, and the common weal.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN: 'ÆSTHETICS OF THE TABLE.'—With a loud voice we desire to utter the cry, '*Peccavi!*' That we should have forgotten our friend 'CARL'S' article entitled '*Table Æsthetics*'—say rather that we should not have remembered it—while writing the notice of SAVARIN'S book; that we should not have recollected that the great gourmet *had* been among us, as recorded in the very elaborate and well-digested paper in question, is, to say the least, surprising: wherefore, for this 'short coming' of our memory we cry '*Mea maxima culpa!*' and 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.' But read our friend's letter:

'20, Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, Paris, February 22, 1854.

'DEAR KNICK.:

'Les absents ont toujours tort.'

'THE proverb may be truer in French than in some other languages, but it is tolerably pertinent in all. Frequently of late has it recurred to me, owing to the non-appearance of the KNICKERBOCKER in these parts; and when, at last, the January number turned up, it appeared that you had been forgetting old friends in more ways than one. For there, in black and white, was to be found this confession: 'It is a curious circumstance, of which until now we were ignorant, that SAVARIN was a political exile in America,' etc. '*Until now we were ignorant!*' O KNICK., it's too bad of you! Have you forgotten that article I wrote you in 1848 about BRILLAT-SAVARIN, wherein was pointed out, with becoming emphasis, the extreme modesty of the distinguished exile, whereby, as he says, he made himself so popular among us, namely, pretending *not to be cleverer than the Americans, (n'avoir plus d'esprit qu'eux?)*

'Perhaps you have forgotten it; and perhaps you may say to me, or some of your readers for you: 'Here is KNICK. receiving barrels of mss. every week from all parts of the civilized world; publishing thirty articles a month, to say nothing of the unpub-

lished and unpublizable ones; do you think he recollects what you or any one else wrote him six years ago?' To which I must answer as Lord LONDONDERRY did to the British Ambassador at Constantinople. Lord LONDONDERRY (his name is *Vane LONDONDERRY*, a name *phusei*, and not *thesei*, as the Greeks used to say) being at Constantinople, wanted to see all the lions there, and among other things to be presented to the SULTAN; and asked the British Ambassador accordingly:

'My dear Lord LONDONDERRY,' said the Ambassador, 'the operation is both difficult and dangerous, beside being unusual; it is customary to make presents to the SULTAN, but not presentations: as a general rule, I do n't introduce any body.'

'My dear Lord,' (whatever-his-name-was,) said LONDONDERRY, 'I am not *any body*, and am not subject to general rules.'

'So I say fearlessly that I am not subject to general rules, and still less was the subject of that article. For were we not *both* interested therein, with the interest that comes from knowledge and appreciation? Were not the observations of BRILLAT-SAVARIN really *phonanta synetoin* in our case? Was it not almost the very last thing I did in America to partake of your hospitality, in company, I recollect, with that illustrious man, the editor of the *Bunkum Flag-Staff*, when we discussed various ways of cooking oysters, and oysters cooked in various ways?

'Well, I remember the article, at any rate, if you do n't; and all the origin and getting-up of it; how I was reading BRILLAT-SAVARIN in the library of HENRY BREVOORT, (*sit ei terra levis!*) and casually observed to him that it would be a good theme for a magazine paper; how he happened to meet you next day, and made the same observation; and how the day after came to me a little note from your 'sanctum,'

'DEAR B —: When will that article of yours on BRILLAT-SAVARIN be ready?'

which sudden taking me up on a barely expressed opinion without any intention involved, did not, nevertheless, surprise me in the least; for we were used to that sort of thing. Did n't DUYCKINCK — peace to the *manes* of the *Literary World!* how much of ours and our friends lies buried with it! that's always the way; 'I never had a dear gazelle,' etc., but it was sure not to pay expenses and stop publication, as DICK SWIVELLER might say — did n't DUYCKINCK use to stop me in the street and order an article on MEXANDER, for instance, without waiting to ascertain whether I had ever read the classic in question? Then he would add, by way of irresistible clincher, 'You know you're the only man that can do it,' a sort of panegyric ellipsis for 'you know you're the only man that will do it without a con-side-ra-tion.' So being used to that sort of thing, we went to work with a will, and were a full week polishing up the article to the best of our small ability. And when it came out in the full glory of KNICK's best type, all our aesthetic friends did us the honor to — say they would look at it; and the fame of it spread so far in a certain circle that old BACCHUS, who had never been known to go to any great expense for literature, actually offered to — read the magazine if I would send him a copy; whereupon I incontinently told him that he might go to the — club, and read it there.

'But after all, it is as well that periodical literature should be forgotten from season to season; it gives the same things a chance of being said more than once. Not that I have any intention of so doing, or of inflicting any *rifacimento* of that article on you; but the mention of BRILLAT-SAVARIN naturally suggests some reflections on his speciality to one dwelling in the scene of his most brilliant labors; where, indeed, you are continually reminded of him by the sight or other experience of a cake that bears his name — just as CHATEAUBRIAND, another great celebrity in his way, is immortalized in a particular description of beef-steak, one of twice the usual thickness.

'It is very easy to sneer at the art of table-æsthetics, and not difficult to sermonize against it, which does not in the least prevent its being a valuable product and adjunct of civilization. Having on the already-referred-to former occasion fully set forth the economical advantages derived from a knowledge of the art, I shall now pass over that head *sicco pede*. As to the physical, it is obvious that well-cooked dishes are more digestible and nourishing than imperfectly cooked ones, not to speak of the fearful stimulus given to intemperance in liquor and immoderate use of tobacco by unwhole-

some and unsatisfactory dinners. The temperance of the French is almost proverbial. Still greater are the social benefits resulting from our art. For how much ill-temper, hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are the cooks of the Great Republic accountable! I am sure that the good folks who like to vent their spite upon us absentees would be in better humor if they had better dinners. What has increased the profusion and waste of our entertainments till fashionable society has degenerated into a mere round of showy restaurant dinners and suppers? what more than the impossibility of giving quiet little dinners and suppers from one's own kitchen? How many Gothamites would dare ask a friend to take pot-luck with them at an hour's notice, and how many friends would dare to accept such an invitation? Here it is nothing uncommon, which is enough to account for *society being more sociable*.

'What,' says some indignant moralist, 'do you mean to hold up French society as a pattern to us virtuous republicans?'

'By no means, my friend, not as a general rule; only in this particular. But if any man seriously thinks that the immorality of the French is owing to their knowing how to cook good dinners, and eat them when cooked, why then, in the words of THUCYDIDES, 'I felicitate him on his simplicity, but do not commend his cleverness.' You might with as much reason attribute it to their temperance. A certain amount of physiological case might be made out for that paradox. A more plausible objection may be started. I may be reminded that the English, who are the greatest people in the world, excepting, of course, the Americans, and the finest and healthiest-looking people in the world, not excepting even the Americans, are far behind several European nations in all arts pertaining to cookery. The objection looks formidable. But let us 'discriminate the difference,' as a logical friend of mine used to say before entering into any discussion. Let us look at the question from all its points of view. The English are gross and careless feeders just as they are capacious and indiscriminate drinkers. Their moist climate and the great quantity of open-air exercise they take, enable them to consume, without injury, a great amount of heavy viands and strong potables. But the diet that an Englishman can thrive on in his own country, would be ruinous to an American, or even to an Englishman in America. The liquids which the former can imbibe like water would set the latter on fire; the solids which nourish the one would indigest (to coin a Gallicism) the other. It is very doubtful if our climate allows as much exercise as that of England, and quite certain that it does not encourage as much. Our people, therefore, require a better system of cookery than the English. All the refinements of the table, it is said, are mere creatures of an artificial state of society. Very true; so are all refinements and improvements in dress, in domestic architecture, in all the comforts of material civilization as distinguished from intellectual cultivation. Is that a reason for despising them? A celebrated novelist has drawn an amusing picture of ADAM and EVE's perplexity and discomfort when transported to a well-spread modern dinner-table; but would they not be equally perplexed at any tailor's or dress-maker's, or, for that matter, inside of any modern house? If the example of our first parents is a precedent for going back to a fruit and cold-water diet, it will equally justify us in adopting their very primitive toilette, or in 'camping out' instead of sleeping on comfortable beds under a weather-tight roof.

'No doubt there is a certain amount of fashion and custom in table-aesthetics, as there is in almost every thing, from crime to mathematics; and these fashions and customs change from time to time. In DEAN SWIFT's day (as we learn from his *Polite Conversation*) the English used to eat soup in the middle of the dinner, which moves THACKERAY's wonder exceedingly. 'What sort of society could it have been?' he asks with natural astonishment. And yet fish, which, according to THACKERAY's countrymen and ours, comes the very next to soup, has not yet had its place perfectly defined on continental tables. The French used to eat it after the *entrées* and just before the roast, although most of them have now adopted the Anglo-Saxon order. But perhaps THACKERAY would be somewhat surprised if he were told that in a part of his own county, at the present day, soup is eaten after meat, namely, at the Pensioner's table of Trinity College, Cambridge, where probably THACKERAY ate it so himself in his undergraduate

days. The reason assigned to me for this practice was, that the meat being put upon the table at the beginning of dinner would grow cold if not eaten first, while the soup, being an extra, might be ordered hot from the kitchen at any stage of the repast. It is not every custom that can give so good a reason for itself.

'But THACKERAY was right in his question. It is strictly philosophical to begin a dinner with soup, as it obviates the necessity for drinking, which many, perhaps most persons, feel at the commencement of a meal. The preliminary whet of oysters, like the *chasse* after the coffee, must be considered an over-refinement of luxury only suited to great occasions, and not to the dinner of every-day life.

'And similarly, I believe that most of the rules of a scientific and æsthetic dinner may be explained and defended as *bona in se*, and not arising from any caprice of fashion. Thus, to take a fundamental principle — the division into courses — eating one thing at a time instead of every thing in a heap — does it not commend itself to the educated man's finer feelings instinctively? There is much barbarism anent this matter in our country; not merely in the frontier regions of it, either. One of my first experiences in New-England, when a lad of sixteen, was dining out, and having seven kinds of meat and vegetables clapped upon my plate at once. Probably my hosts thought it rather a proof of their civilization. I recollect once talking to the 'gentleman' who interpreted for some travelling Indian chiefs. He said that these sons of the forest had many habits different from those of civilized people; for instance, they only took one kind of food on their plate at once when dining. Poor man! he little guessed that his barbarous charges resembled, in this respect, the most refined inhabitants of the French capital, who would have put *him* down for any thing but a civilized man if they had seen him eat.

'For my part, I thoroughly believe that the dinner-cooking and dinner-giving arts have arrived at a state much nearer the perfection of reason and common-sense than many other arts of modern society; much nearer than that of dress, for instance. What, I wonder, will some future and wiser generation think of our ladies' low-necked ball-dresses, whether as regards decency, comfort, or symmetry? What of the street-sweeping skirts? What will it think of that acme of inaptitudes, the common, domestic masculine hat? You may hear men wishing to live to or through some great epoch till the next French Revolution but three; or till MACAULAY has finished his history, or till the conversion of the South-Sea Islanders. I should like to live to see the conversion of the civilized world — from the absurdity of the present civilized hat.

'Some of the varieties in the table-æsthetics of different countries may be easily accounted for by the different capacities and temperaments of nations. Thus, the genial Anglo-Saxon custom of post-prandial *sederunts* would be perilous to the Gaul, who is so light-headed as to be unequal to combining the usual consumption of wine on such occasions with the equilibrium necessary for the drawing-room afterward. So, too, in the distribution of wines during dinner. Anglo-Saxons begin with champagne after the soup, or at latest after the fish, reserving the claret for the close of the banquet; in France it is not uncommon to drink the best Bordeaux in the earlier stages of the dinner, and only open a bottle of champagne just before the dessert. Each custom is in accordance with the character of the people that follows it. The Anglo-Saxon, grave and phlegmatic, is excited to a proper spirit and liveliness by the early introduction of the champagne, which would make the Frenchman *too* gay before the close of the dinner; *he* goes on upon his own natural spirits and the quieter red wines, till, when tired of talking and eating, a glass or two of the sparkling beverage winds him up and sets him going again.

'One thing I never could account for — the German habit of eating sweet puddings *before* the roast. Most dietetic barbarisms can be explained. When the Down-Easter or Backwoods-man heaps from six to sixteen different viands on his plate at once, it exemplifies his promiscuous acquisitiveness and indiscriminating haste. But the German mind is orderly and logical; how could it have admitted the solecism of the misplaced puddings?

'Although self-debarred at the outset from dwelling on the economic side of the sub-

ject, I cannot help remarking how much of the animal and vegetable world is wasted in various countries through culinary ignorance. The English use buckwheat only to feed pheasants, being utterly unaware what excellent pan-cakes it affords. Some European nations are equally ignorant of the pumpkin's utility for human sustenance. We Americans make a very inferior pie of it, tasting something like wet ginger-bread—a dish the offspring of necessity in the infancy of New-England when the unfortunate inhabitants had nothing else to make pies of, and which, with their usual *cynanserifying* propensity—that is to say, their habit of making swans out of geese—they have imposed upon the Union at large, as something not only eatable, but palatable. The French have put the vegetable to its right use: they make a most delicious soup of it.*

'I fancy, too, that many ripe figs must be wasted in our Southern States. Now the Southern French have a way of preserving theirs. Dismiss from your mind, I beg of you, all ideas of the Eastern, drum-packed, flat-pressed, mite-nourishing commodity. No, these figs (they are large green ones, like the best Italian) are round and swelling, slightly candied on the outside, yet not so as to disguise entirely their native emerald hue; all fresh and luscious inside with all their original juices—a delight of children, and not to be despised by parents. The sellers of comestibles call them *golden figs* (*figues d'or*), and they well merit the appellation.

'Perhaps some of your unsophisticated country readers may imagine that I am going to enlarge on the value of the *frog* as an article of food, for it is one of our popular delusions (derived from the English, who have long since outgrown it) that this amphibious animal is a usual and favorite Parisian *plat*. I fancy you would be as likely to see a *vol-au-vent de grenouille* at a French restaurant as a colt-steak or rattlesnake fricassee at one of our hotels. Yet truth compels me to say that I once heard a Frenchman (he was an officer and a gentleman, and belonged to the aristocratic *faubourg St. Germain*) boast of having eaten a dish which throws all possible frogs into the shade; to wit, *a fox*! He said it tasted *like game, only more so*! I suspect, however, that he was joking. We had been talking of unusual meats, and I mentioned having eaten *peacock* and *swan*. He probably thought I was quizzing him, and wanted to cap my story.

'And now this indefinite letter has rambled on far enough. *Vale vive que KNICK*, which means, may you live a thousand years, and always have a good cook.

'CARL BENSON.'

THE LATE SENATOR CHARLTON.—We have mentioned the death of Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Georgia. He was for very many years, and almost up to the time of his death, a frequent and always welcome correspondent of this Magazine. His were the '*Papers from the Port-Folio of a Georgia Lawyer*,' which were so widely copied all over the United States. Numerous poems from his pen, of great beauty and feeling, also appeared in these pages. He was an eminent man in his native State. At the age of twenty-one he was a member of the State legislature; then United States District Attorney; and at twenty-seven, Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He was twice chosen Mayor of Savannah, and was at last a Senator of the United States. All these trusts he discharged with the strictest fidelity. He was honored and beloved while living, and he is deeply lamented, now that his loss is seen to be irreparable. 'His gentleness, his modesty, his simplicity, his love for the good, the beautiful, and the true, his native gen-

* Some months ago, I had the pleasure (through Colonel PORTER's columns) of calling the UNION CLUB's attention to this *potage*; but I committed a slight error in saying that it was to be prepared like any other vegetable *purée aux croutons*. A slight additional infusion of *cream* is necessary to give it the proper richness and delicacy.

tility and refinement of thought, his belief in God and religion, and his veneration for all things sacred—all these beautiful attributes of his character shine in the pages he has left behind him; but it is only his family who can truly feel how good and how affectionate a spirit has passed from among us to return 'nevermore.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—*'The Last Serenade,'* from our friend, HENRY P. LELAND, Esq., is a capital sketch; and will remind the reader of the old Quaker, who addressed the leader of a party that had been long serenading his handsome daughter, one pleasant night, without the slightest response from the dwelling, in these words: 'Friend, thee has been singing of thy 'home,' thy 'sweet home'; now, if thee *has* so desirable a place, why does n't thee *go* to thy home?' This 'argument' was a 'clinch,' and the serenading party departed:

'TANCRED TUBS was twenty-three years old, possessed of a fine figure, expressive eyes, and well-turned legs, the contour of which owed their development to his constant zeal, his undivided attention, his *love* for the polka. We speak now of things past. When he danced, anatomists gazed; his heart was completely absorbed in his legs; they were bewildered; they proclaimed it a disease, the diagnosis of which they took down to music.

'But our hero sung. When we say sung, we don't mean he always hummed tunes to wretched accompaniments on bachelor banjos or guitars: no! He sang to pianos played by light or dark-haired, or eyed, ladies. He had, they said, a great volume to his voice; and they all read in it and found, as they did in ALEXANDER SMITH's poems, much sweetness. So the reputation of our ORPHEUS was as wide in 'the world' around him, as his of Mythology, only it was n't so deep, stopping short of the 'Inferno.'

'Now there tarried—do n't find fault with this word; it's of the pure Saxon order of verbal architecture, ecclesiastical school—in the same city, and at the same time, a street-singer, who was born just twelve months before he was a year old, in a town with houses in it; and this was all he knew of his pedigree or parentage; when asked where his home was, he described a circle round him with his right arm, and said, briefly, 'Ze-a-whirl,' which being translated means 'the world:' a fine house, but too many occupied rooms in it. So ERCOLE—for he was an every-day character enough to have a name hanging to him like a bell-rope, the better to call him when wanted—sang night and day in the streets, accompanied by a female page who bore his guitar; for he told me once in *lingua franca*, 'that it was all he could do to carry his *woes*, so he handed the musical instrument over to one whose heart was not so heavy.' ERCOLE sang; his songs were those of many lands; and he had learned them on the spot; so his memory was like a musical leopard-skin. Most of all languages he favored the Italian; and it favored him, bringing in money to his pockets as fast as he pushed it out in songs. He sung airs from all the operas, except the 'Opera Horatii;' *it* had n't been set to music then! Often on a summer evening I've heard his organ (vocal) squares off, singing in sonorous voice and full, some favorite air perhaps from 'La Favorita,' or an extract from 'The Elixir of Love,' vulgarly called 'L'Elisire d'Amore.'

'But where is TUBS? He's standing, as every Tub should, on his—dignity; Music and Dancing acting as supporters to bear him on in 'the world.' TANCRED has met, as he confidently told her intimate friend, 'the idol of his soul'—he didn't know how idle she really was—'one whom he could love with all the fervor of his heart; a heart that beats for her alone,' (regarding her fortune and herself in strict combination;) and quite a number of other epithets equally strange, to be found in every truly romantic heart, ditto novel.

'The temple of TUB's idol was in one of the third-story front-rooms of a fashionable house, at the west-end—the idol being short and stout, resembled the Chinese Joss—so we find TANCRED worshipping like a Pagan, and at last forgetting all 'low-flung' methods, such as pens, ink, paper, post-offices, dispatches, etc., he determines to breathe his love upon the air; to tell her how much he suffered, that he would *die*—if he had added, his whiskers, for her, he'd have told the truth—in plain English, he intended to serenade her, in Italian words—and I do n't know what kind of pronunciation.

'The night came. Eleven, twelve o'clock sounded, and TANCRED beat—a retreat from his chambers, and sallied? No! let's say 'tancedred' out, (he had a walk of his own,) with his guitar, bent on 'smashing' his idol—by music.

'Tink, tink, tingle-ingle-rungitty dingle boom! Tung, tung, tung, tung, toooing! And the strings were screwed up, and run over.

'All right,' soliloquized TUBS; 'now for it!'

'Move on, there! no more of that noise. Did n't I tell you last night?—

'Who are you speaking to?' said TUBS.

'Oh! pardon, Sir; thought you were that 'ere Dutchman as was howling 'round here last night; so dark did n't see 't was a gentleman.'

'And on moved the 'star.'

'Tinkle, inkle, ing. Once more TUBS touched the guitar, and this time commenced *altissimo voce*,

* 'VE ran oh to tea-se ole L'AURA.
He may so spear a lament oh!

and had advanced thus far *into* that beautiful air from LUCIA, and was just out of air in his lungs, when he heard the window above him open. He sang with renewed animation,

'You'd ratha mark a murmurer!'—

'So I had! so I had!' said a voice proceeding from a lady of undoubted age, in an unmistakable head-gear. 'So I had. There's three cents for you, good man; *do go away now!*'

'TANCRED TUBS was found next morning with a bloody nose, broken guitar, and a black eye; also a gold eagle out of pocket.

'And it all happened thus: Our young rebuffed by being mistaken for a 'Dutch' street singer, had left his idol's house, using all sorts of reversed blessings, when who should he hear in the next street, but that identical individual singing, if he could believe his ears, the identical air he had so auspiciously commenced, by being told 'to move on in it! TUBS felt like a Malay about to run a 'muck;' he gave a yell and pitched into the 'Dutchman' as if forty centuries were looking down on him. That vulgarly-called 'Dutchman' was ERCOLE; and thirty years spent among all sorts of loafers, in every country of Europe, had taught him the art of self-defence to perfection. He polished down TUBS in a few minutes, and left him in charge of a 'star,' who politely offered to escort him home; which TANCRED refused, saying he 'was n't at all intoxicated, but proposed getting so at once.' So the 'star' went to light the way to an oyster-cellar, and they made a time of it. TANCRED TUBS that night lost his voice, and has never been able to find it since. REQUIESCAT IN PACE.'

'COLONEL PIPES' has sent us from California an amusing letter-press sheet, containing '*The Miners' Ten Commandments*, surmounted by a capital engraving, representing an elephant pointing, with his tusks and trunk, to a copy of them, affixed to a tree. The commandments are thus introduced: 'I am a miner, who wandered 'from away down-east,' and came to sojourn in a strange land and 'see the elephant.' And behold, I saw him, and bear

* VERBANO a te sull 'anra
I miei sospiri ardenti
Udrai nel mar che mormora, etc., etc.

witness that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him till his huge feet stood still before a rusty clap-board shanty; then, with his trunk extended, he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say, 'Read,' and I read.' We quote the third, fourth, eighth, and ninth commandments, as indicated by 'the elephant:'

'Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Thou shalt not take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gambling-table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou putoffest down, the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but insane.

'Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under, but the other day is Sunday, when thou shalt wash all thy dirty shirts, darn all thy stockings, tap all thy boots, mend all thy clothing; chop all thy whole week's fire-wood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy long tour, weary. For in six days' labor only thou canst not work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also, thou canst do it in six months, and thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friend, and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience be none the better for it; but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy worn-out body to thy mother's fire-side, and thou strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the black-smith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews, and buccaneers defy God and civilization by keeping not the Sabbath day, and wish not for a day of rest, such as memory, youth, and home made hallowed.

'Thou shalt not pick out specimens from the company pan and put them in thy mouth or in thy purse. Neither shalt thou take from thy cabin-mate his gold-dust to add to thine, lest he find thee out, and straightway call his fellow-miners together, and they hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes and two hours to leave the country, or brand thee like a horse-thief, with ~~xx~~ upon thy cheek, to be 'known and read of all'—Californians in particular. And if thou steal a shovel, or a pick or a pan from thy toiling fellow-miner, hanging will be too good for thee, and thou wilt be kicked and cowhided for thy pains, and for ever hang down thy head.

'Thou shalt not tell any false tales about 'good diggings in the mountains' to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit thy friend who hath mules and provisions and tools and blankets he cannot sell; lest, in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow, with naught save his rifle, he presenteth thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog thou shalt fall down and die.'

Apropos of 'COLONEL PIPES:' our musical readers must purchase of HALL AND SON two beautiful songs of his which have recently been published, viz.: 'Come, Sing that Song Again,' and 'You're all the World to Me,' both charming melodies, with graceful and appropriate words. 'The Colonel' poetizes with much skill. Here is a short parody of his, one of the clever 'PIPE-stems,' which he is in the habit of contributing to a San Francisco daily journal. It 'illustrates' the attractions of the 'FLORENCE's' of that capital:

I'm sitting in good style, MARY,
With the hot toast by my side,
A' waitin' for a pot of tea,
And a couple of fresh eggs fried;
And probably some batter-cakes,
Some roast duck and some corn,
I'll call for ere I leave, MARY,
As sure as you are born!

This place is a good deal changed, MARY,
For in FLORENCE's saloon
You can now get what you call for
From a snipe to a raccoon!
Mutton chops, fried tripe, dipped toast and dry,
A sardine or a hen,
You only have to 'sing out' for,
Then cut—and come again!

THERE is something wierd and solemn in the following, from an unknown correspondent. At first it seems like a 'rush of blood to the head:'

'BROUGHT to a sick bed, a few weeks ago, by exposure to cold and storm in attending to the duties of my profession, I was disturbed, one night in particular, by the almost constant attendance in my room of the most diabolical, as well as the most uncouth and ludicrous shapes and figures, that ever lent disquiet to the long and wakeful hours of night, to which the sick are so often subjected. Grim giants, tall and muscular, marched to and fro with solemn tread; distorted countenances laughed and leered in my very face; the 'sable sons of Africa' grinned horribly around corners, showing long rows of pearly teeth, in contrast with faces black as Erebus; well-known companions and dear friends were disfigured by bleeding wounds, or with eyes hanging like great red ulcers upon cheeks white as marble; huge bats and owls, such as are pictured forth in the KNICKERBOCKER, perched themselves upon the coverlid, or flapped their wings mournfully above the dim taper that burned in my chamber, and anon were changed into demons with forked tongues, and faces that chilled the blood and sent terror to the heart; children with heads vastly disproportioned to their limbs, swung to and fro upon lines stretched across the room, threw somersets in the air, and, alighting upon the floor, were metamorphosed into shapes grotesque, so differing from any thing animate or inanimate, that I ever saw, read of, or imagined, that description would be impossible, or entirely fail of its purpose; far as the eye could reach, *hoop-poles*, bound together at the top, marched *en échelon*, with all the stateliness and discipline of a regiment of regulars; men, hugely tall, stood upon elevated platforms, dressed in Quaker coats and hats, motionless as death, improbable as statues. And last, *not least*, came the great black traveller, with his cloven foot and breath of flame, who flitted across my vision for a moment, and disappeared in the darkness.

'Of a sudden, the scene changed. As by the wand of enchantment, demons and sprites, and things horrible and disgusting departed, and close by my bed-side, so that I might reach them with my hand, stood, in a circle, a score or more of beings dressed in garments 'whiter than snow,' with faces beaming with love and beauty. As I raised myself in bed, the circle was broken, and there in the midst, upon a little couch, lay the dead body of an infant, dressed in the robes of the grave; a sweet face, smiling in death, and lit up by the radiance that seemed to beam forth from the forms of the sisterhood of angels that bent over the sleeper. Soon, two of these placed their arms beneath the dead babe, and calmly as summer zephyrs, winged their way upward, far, far into the blue vault, followed by their heavenly companions, in their ascent forming a cone of light, and purity, and loveliness, enchanting to the eye, and never to be forgotten.

'A few nights after, our own babe, just beginning to lisp the name of Mother, and to whom our hearts were bound by ties such as a parent alone can feel and know, was brought to me suffering from sudden illness. A few days of intense solicitude, and care, and watchfulness, during which our little treasure was racked with spasms, and all was over. Just as the morning dawned, her sad moanings were hushed in that sleep that knows no waking; and we hoped that the same angelic band that to my eye had seemed real and tangible, had borne her pure spirit to the presence and arms of Him who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

How different the two visions! - - - 'Did you ever spend a March in central Jersey?' writes an unknown friend. 'If you did n't, you can't appreciate what is meant by 'red mud—Jersey mud.' The weather is dark, dull, damp, dreary, dripping, and dolorously dreadful! Up the street and down the street, 'as far as the eye can reach,' 'mud—mud—mud!' But 'there's a silver lining to every cloud.' Just you come out here in June

and such a Paradise you won't find this side of the Euphrates. Or, wait till August. Then come to 'the land of peaches,' and if the sights you shall see don't make your mouth water and your eyes laugh, I am no Jerseyman. Thanks! — but, not to anticipate, we fear we must rely upon the banks of the Hudson for our summer scenery, and upon our friend Captain HAGGERTY, of the Red-Bank steamer, for our annual basket of the *sans-pareil* dainties of the Jersey soil. - - - 'MR. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL,' the colored 'Dow, Jr.,' of the New-York '*Picayune*,' continues his weekly discourses. They grow more and more quaint and characteristic. He chooses his themes with a general regard for their timeliness. Thus, the 'Hen-Convention,' at the American Museum, suggested to his comprehensive and original mind a consideration of '*De Rooster*.' Here ensues a part of his 'treatment' of that chivalric bird:

'You will find de subjick on which I spect to substract my exasperashuns dis ebenin, a runnin' round enny ob de barn-yards in de kedentry, and in de kooops round de market. He am sumtimes called de 'cock' by pepil who call tings by der rite names, but dose who pride demseifs on bein' extra perlite, call him DE ROOSTER! De reason, I speck, why dey call him dat, am becase he *will* roost wid de hens nites.

'De Rooster am de he ben; and aldo he lays no eggs, nor hatches no chickens, enny boddly wood tink, by seein' him strut round de barn-yard, dat he laid all de eggs, and brought up all de chickens. He does he best to make you t'ink dat he does it all; fur no sooner does a hen drop an egg, dan he sets up as loud a cacklin' as de hen herseff, in order to pull de wool ober de eyes ob us sitty fellers, and make us beleve he done it, when he am no more capable ob doin' de same dan I am. How much like sum lazy husbands in dis kongregashun, I cood menshun, who let der wifes do all de work, and take car' ob de family, while dey do all de cacklin'!

'I hab seen a Brig-a-dig General reviewin' his sogers fur de fust time. I hab seen de pollytishun de day arter he was 'lected alderman. I hab seen him, ag'in, de fuss day he entered Congress. I hab seen de new recrute on he fuss parade in de malishus; I hab seen a darkey in a new brass-buttoned green coat, and a cuillard lady in a new yellor calico frock; but I never seed enny ting nor enny body so killin' pomptious and proud as de old Dunglehill Rooster, when he wakes he brood at day-light in de mornin' wid his shrill trump, and marches dem off to de scratchin' grounds; and wo be to de trange rooster dat chanches to make a call on he nabor! Talk ob 'fuss and fedders'! dat's de time to see him in all he glory, as he walks sideways, wid one wing down so as to hide he long spurs, and he hed strate out afore him, up to de stranger, and gibs him a crack side hed fur he impotence. Take de Rooster in he marriage relashon, or in he single blessedness, and he am about as self-satisfied and pomptious as a monkey in a red frock, wid he mouf full ob chessnuts, and a box ob sugar-crackers widin he reach. Wid dese reflexchuns, we luff him slide dis ebenin'.

In his discourse upon '*Polly-Tishuns*,' Mr. HANNIBAL is very 'plain-spoken.' He handles the subject 'without gloves,' if his hands *are* black:

'A POLLY-TISHUN hab no opinions ob his own; he am like a straw: hold him up, an' he'll p'int w'ich ebber way de wind ob pop'lar 'pinion blows him. Ef a platform breaks down, it don't hurt him, for he am like a cat dat allers lites on its feet; as' he runs rite up on anudder wun, an' hoorays as ef he allers belong dere. 'Tween 'lecshun times, he is quiet 'nuff, like an ole coon asleep in de top ob a holler tree, libin' on his fat; but, wen 'lecshun kums, he gets lively, like frogs in spring. Den he gits a bank-note changed into sixpences, purpus to spend for treats wid ebbery body. He wares an old hat, to look like a wurkin' man, an' he puts patches on his 'nees. He makes his arms sore, shakin' hands wid ebbery body, an' 'tends to be 'tickler anxious 'bout de helf ob your wife and childern. He is as sly as a possum: see him wid a 'ligious man, an' he'll look an' talk like a minister in a camp-meetin'; meet him haf an 'our after, talkin' to sum wild feller, an' you'll hear wurds dat, ef dey ain't swearin', soun' very much like cussin'.

'His nateral home am de top ob a stump, an' he keeps to it so long sumtimes, dat he looks as ef he growed dar; and no doubt it would be a good t'ing ef he did. But he nates to get off it, 'kase wen he cums down, he's no bigger dan odder pepil, and not a bit better, nuther. On it, he gits as noisy as a wind-mill, an' he's driv' by the same power — wind. Wen he tauks an' 'rites, he allers picks de longest words out ob de

dick-shun-ary, to kiver up his idee's like wid a blanket; an' it 'peers as dough he was at panes to tuck de words in, under, an' all 'round his thoughts, so dat no wun can see 'em, ef he's got enny, w'ich menny pepil dout—an' with good reason. Or, if ever he lets any idee 'pear, it's allers in sich a dress dat it may be 'splaind to mean jist the contrary t'ing.

'Bout religion he never sez much, 'ceptin' dat 'men should be liberal in dere 'pinious,' which he is hisse'f, for he goes to ebberry church in his neighborhood regular, and beliebes in 'em all alike.

'W'en 'lecshun's ober, he grows smarter in his 'pearance, don't ware ole hats enny more, an' puts on whole trowserloons. He berry offen gets uncommon short-sited after dis ewent, and can't see de frens dat was most useful in getting him office. To be sure, dey deserve it, for 'sociatin' wid polly-tishuus, an' I don't pity 'em ef dey is forgot. Sumtimes, he can't eben 'member de promises he made 'fore 'lecshun, an' ef he do, why 'suckumstances makes it unposible to kumply.'

This is 'poetical justice!' - - - THANKS TO 'PHILOS' for his gratifying '*Poetical Epistle to the Editor.*' Such tributes cheer us onward, and give new impulse to our endeavors to *deserve* the cordial commendations of our friends. - - - ONCE in a while we receive a letter from an old friend, which reminds us what manner of a boy we must have been in "days that were." A young lady, whom we never saw, to our knowledge, in a recent letter inclosing some verses for the KNICKERBOCKER, says: 'You, of course, do not remember the timid child who, while visiting at Uncle Y——'s, through her aunt made a request that you would fly your kite for her gratification; to which you replied that 'you would raise the kite if she would 'raise the wind,' the lack of which at the time had not been thought of. You won't remember this, perhaps, but I have never forgotten it.' Also an old and esteemed friend, residing near 'the spot where we were born,' in a pleasant epistle accompanying a grateful gift of a barrel of choice apples, (the flavor of the different varieties of which took us back to the very trees on which they grew,) records this reminiscence: 'L——, do you remember breaking an ear of corn, one night at a husking-bee, over the old 'cocoa-nut' of that 'cross-patch,' old J——? He had been charging you with not husking your stack 'clean;' and upon your replying that you 'husked as clean as *he* did,' he said, 'if you could find an ear of corn in any of his husked stacks, you might break it over his head.' Soon after you found a short, tough, 'stubbed' ear, put it in your pocket, crawled into his stack, came out with it triumphantly, stripped off the husks, while the old man pulled off his hat, and you 'payed on' with the butt of the ear! I remember it took you a long time to break it! I suspect you must have had some pique against him.' We *did*, and 'for cause.' He deserved all he got, and more too! - - - We have received from our old friend JAMES GRANT, now the 'County Register' of San Francisco, an admirable specimen of the pure gold-quartz of California, chastely set in a ring of the finest native gold. It is very beautiful, and greatly admired by all who see it. - - - A NEW work is in the press of Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, by the popular author of the '*Up-River Letters*,' bearing the title of '*Crystaline, or the Heiress of Fall-Down Castle.*' We have read a portion of the sheets, and can assure our readers that they have a rich and pleasant intellectual repast before them. It will prove a very popular work. - - - 'ONE day last fall, a ruddy Hibernian dame was seen rushing at full speed to the Jersey ferry, crying in wild accents on her mother: '*O' hone! my mother! my mother!*' arrested the

attention and excited the lively sympathy of the passengers about to embark on the boat; but what was their consternation, when they beheld the disconsolate woman dash forward to the end of the steamer, and leap into the flood! Cries for assistance immediately arose: 'A plank!' 'A rope!' 'A boat!' met a ready response. Two deck-hands speedily launched a boat, and hastened to the rescue of the hapless female, who, instead of sinking, according to the usual law of gravitation on such occasions, was seen buoyed bravely up by her expanded garments, and floating off leisurely with the tide. She was soon drawn on board the small boat, and the eager crowd bent over each other's shoulders to learn the *dénouement* of this unsuccessful attempt to secure a watery grave; while one of the men, who had been adjusting the unhappy woman's garments, drew from her side-pocket and held aloft, without a word of comment, a — *black junk bottle*, carefully corked with a rag! The secret was out; and the painful feelings of the crowd speedily assumed a mirthful channel: the fair unfortunate was drawn up the bow of the steam-boat, amid a loud guffaw.' Thus writes that learned Theban, 'P. J. F.,' whose eyes and ears are always open to any 'good thing.' - - - At Wescott's Daguerrean-Rooms, at Watertown, in this State, an old man and two little boys were 'being taken' on the same plate. When they were got under 'successful headway,' the artist spoke to one of the little boys, telling him to sit still, upon which the 'old gentleman' turns around, and patting the boy on the head, repeats the injunction: 'Yes, sit still, my son!' Of course, the plate was spoilt. - - - 'WHEN in the country some time since, on my way to Pittsfield, I met a drunkard reeling along the road I was travelling. Seeing me, he stopped: 'Hallo, stranger!' he called out. 'Well!' said I. 'I say, stranger,' said he, (*hic*) 'ef you'll (*hic*) find any feller (*hic*) that has a worse opinion of me than I have of myself, (*hic*) I'll adopt his opinion, and forego my own!' Volumes could n't have spoken more.' This comes in a note to the EDITOR. - - - WE are indebted to our old friend 'H. T. B.,' (whom we regret not to have seen when in town,) for the following anecdote, in an entertaining letter from a friend in a flourishing village in northern New-York:

'OUR S — (JIM) ought to go abroad and set up 'ritin' school.' One day, JIM sent the teamster to O —, with an order for loading for his team, and directed him to return home the same day. The teamster was back in half the time allotted for the journey, and bolting into JIM's store, pushed the order in his face, and bawled out:

'What the devil's that?'

'S —: (Taking the order, and trying to read.) 'What's *this*? Why, that's your order.' (Holding it toward the teamster.)

'Wall, what on airth do's 't say?'

'S —: (Reads, and spells, and studies, but 't is 'no go.') 'HENRY, (the clerk in the store,) what was 't I sent for?'

'HENRY: 'Why, you sent for salt.'

'Yes; there it is, as plain as day:' (spells,) 'C-O-L-T — salt!'

'The teamster, being an *uneducated* man, sloped.'

'IN one of the neighboring villages in the Hoosier State,' as we gather from a note to the EDITOR, 'not many miles from the banks of the Ohio, lives Judge B —, an eccentric character, who is ever ready to accommo-

date himself or others as occasion may offer. Being invited by a party of friends, whom he chanced to meet while passing a grocery, (one of those establishments peculiar to small towns, where 'tar, treacle, and testaments,' and other creature-comforts are 'sold by the small,') to step in and take a 'little something' for his stomach's sake, he readily consented; and although the variety of liquors was by no means as extensive as may be found in the more fashionable resorts of your great metropolis, yet the freedom of choice was as readily granted; and the question was proposed: 'Judge B——, what will you take?' The Judge, after carefully surveying the stock in trade, for a few minutes, replied: '*I believe I will take a mackerel,*' which, receiving, he politely wished his friends a pleasant time over their 'red-eye,' and retired. He was n't asked to 'take' any thing after that! - - - In a certain 'dry-goods' establishment, not a thousand miles ('say 1000,') from Cincinnati, Ohio, a worthy young Irishman was waiting upon one of his country-women, to whom he was exhibiting a piece of Merrimack calico. 'That, Madam,' said he, 'is the very latest thing out; it is called '*The Star-Spangled Banner*' pattern, Ma'am, and will be much worn this season.' The proprietor, overhearing the remark, walked up to his clerk, and very politely observed: 'Let me request that, in future, you refrain from putting on such *National Airs*; for it ill becomes a native of your soil!' The clerk seemed not a little dumb-founded. It was evident that he did not 'take' the 'pith' of the remark. - - - Our 'Jersey' correspondent is mistaken. The beautiful lines commencing 'I see thee still,' etc., are from the pen of Mr. CHARLES SPRAGUE, Boston. - - - A SINGING-MASTER, in an adjoining State, recently made the following apology to his afternoon class. He spoke with great deliberation, not to say hesitancy: 'I have scarcely been—able—this afternoon—to (*hem!*) to do justice to the subject. A feeble and—afflicted—sister—has required all my—attention, for some—time: but, I hope I shall be refreshed (*hem!*) when the—shades of evening—*come to hand!*' If this be veritable, as we are assured it is, it is certainly to be hoped that the singing-master's voice is less 'broken' in singing than in speaking! - - - 'It was on the morning of the 'Twenty-Second,' at Buena Vista,' writes a Kentucky friend, who cannot write too often, 'that our regiment was lying upon a little hill that the men subsequently christened '*Mount Dodge*,' waiting for the ball to open. SANTA ANNA's morning compliments soon came in the form of a thirteen-inch shell, which passed a few yards over our heads and buried itself in the earth behind us. 'Howly MOTHER!' exclaimed old MIKE S——, 'if the born divil isn't *shootin' his dinner-pots at us!*' On the twenty-fifth, after the battle was over, and while SANTA ANNA was still lingering at Agua Nueva, twelve miles distant, with his shattered forces, divers were the rumors of another battle, and many were the discussions of its probability among the men. I happened to overhear one of these debates in which this same MIKE S—— had, as lawyers say, 'the conclusion.' Some half-dozen of the men had expressed their 'views' and wishes; some were very anxious for another fight; others, and they, too, the men who had behaved best under fire, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with such glimpses of the 'elephant' as they had been able to obtain on the twenty-second and twenty-third. At last MIKE spoke: 'Well sure, boys,' said he,

'I'll tell you *my* simintints about the auld wooden-legged divil: if I had but a quart of whiskey in the wurruld, and no money to buy more, and no more in the counthry to sell, sure I'd *give him half of it, if he'd stay away!*' - - - The following account of *The First and Last Duel in Illinois*, is from FORD's history of that State, just published by S. C. GUGGS AND COMPANY, Chicago: 'The year 1820 was signalized by the first and last duel which was ever fought in Illinois. This took place in Belleville, St. Clair county, between ALPHONSO STEWART and WILLIAM BENNETT, two obscure men. The seconds had made it up to be a sham-duel, to throw ridicule upon BENNETT, the challenging party. STEWART was in the secret, but BENNETT, his adversary, was left to believe it a reality. They were to fight with rifles; the guns were loaded with blank cartridges; and BENNETT, somewhat suspecting a trick, rolled a ball into his gun, without the knowledge of the seconds, or of the other party. The word to fire was given, and STEWART fell, mortally wounded. BENNETT made his escape; but two years afterward he was arrested in Arkansas, brought back to the State, indicted, tried, and convicted of murder. A great effort was made to procure his pardon, but Governor BOND would yield to no entreaties in his favor, and BENNETT suffered the penalty of the law by hanging in the presence of a great multitude of people. This was the first and last duel ever fought in the State by any of its citizens. The hanging of BENNETT made duelling discreditable and unpopular, and laid the foundation for that abhorrence of the practice which has ever since been felt and expressed by the people of Illinois.' - - - A WAGGISH correspondent in Detroit sends us the following contribution to one of the journals of that flourishing and beautiful city. It was read, 'by a gifted member,' before the 'Young Ladies' 'Phyconological' Society:'

'Musing near the class Mammalia,
Feelings pure as albumen,
Antiseptic in their nature,
Wake to my organic ken.

'Ah! Love's amphibolic instincts,
Faithful to their shoddy keep,
But with Spiritual Faunas,
Hopes azoic, slumber deep.

'Breccial fragments of emotion,
Shower with sentimental tuff:
Change the bright aortal blossoms
Into petrifications rough.

'Melancholy lachrymotal
Drop in arborescent forms,
And I see the human globules,
Seated on the boughs in swarms.

'Soon detritals of affection
Change the delta of my thought,
Until I, to this subsidium
Fossiliferous, am brought.

'Take it—as an equisetum
From an intellectual trap,
Where the kingdoms of the senses,
And the mentals overlap.'

How charmingly science and true poetry are blended in these 'lovely lines!' - - - 'THE following droll incident,' writes our friend 'BOB B—,' 'lately occurred to a lady of high respectability, residing in one of the avenues of Brooklyn. The lady has a charming little boy, very observant, imitative, and active. The child had noticed the postmen constantly leaving letters, and moving off quick; and he thought it would be a very nice thing to become a postman. So he one day went to his mamma's escritoire and took out some twenty-five or thirty letters, tied them up and sallied forth, leaving one at every house, and moving off quick. The lady was rather surprised when her next neighbor brought her an open letter, which

she said some body had left at the door; but what was her astonishment, when visiting hour arrived, for another, and another, and another lady coming in, all bringing open letters, until her ample parlor was completely crammed. You need not doubt the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, as each lady entered with the same tale; and the little postman was elated beyond measure to find what a capital postman he was; but the best of the fun was, that every lady, one and all, asserted she had not unfolded or read one word, oh! no, not they; ladies are far, far above prying into other ladies' letters. The fair lady to whom the letters were addressed, is fortunately the mother of a large and lovely family, and the letters were from early friends, school-mates, etc., etc. But only think, my dear KNICK., suppose, instead of a mother's letters, they had been billet-doux, addressed to some lovely belle, from her numerous admirers, with all the soft sighs and soft sawder administered to her eyes, and all the charms which love-sick swains know so well how to plaster and blarney, would she, the belle, have believed her neighbors had not peeped in or read one word? The circumstance put me in mind of a passage in an autograph letter in my possession, written by a once lovely and celebrated comic actress of Covent Garden Theatre. I was very anxious to obtain a letter written by this celebrated lady, and applied to her physician to try and wheedle her out of a note. He complied, and, among other things, asked that question which *no woman will answer*, be she who she may; but you shall hear the response which this dear, kind, honest darling made:

'WITH regard to my age, it is a question on which I feel particularly tender; but if you will kindly promise me not to tell it to more than a *dozen* ladies of your acquaintance, I shall be satisfied it will remain a perfect secret, and therefore I blushingly acknowledge, I shall be seventy-seven next May; but I would not, for the world, have it talked about, as I have *serious* thoughts of soon changing my condition.'

'Now, after this, who shall dare to libel the sweet darlings with curiosity, or that they cannot keep a secret, when one of themselves admits she will be fully satisfied that a round dozen can; or had she said a baker's dozen, I would have believed. Now if twelve can, so can two hundred. Bah! men are a set of abominable libellers: the ladies, bless them, are less curious, and better able to keep a secret than all the long heads or round-heads in all creation.' - - - Our esteemed friend, 'Colonel JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville,' from whom we always hear with pleasure, sends us the annexed description of '*Canvassing for old Knick. in California*:'

'San Francisco, Jan. 25, 1854.

'MY DEAR KNICK.: It wos on a brite, barmy, bewtiful, cloudish, luvly mornin' towards the lattur end of Janevery, that won Travellur (not 'Boston') mite have bean sean, with a nakid eye, wending his weigh to the Lor offiss of JAMES, DOYLE, AND BARBER of this Citty, wen the followin' konversation insued:

'Good mornin', gents.'

'{Good morning, Col. PIPES: what can we do for you?'

'COL. P —: 'Nothin' in partikular, only I want yer superskription for one ear to 'Old Knick.' — price \$5 — *cash*!'

'ANSWER: "'Old Knick.' can get five dollars of my money, sure.'

'From this celebrated firm — all New-Yorkers, and glorious fellers at that — I trudged along — comin' akross Bankers, Notorious Publikans, Clothiers, Express men, Cigar merchants, Cashiers, Real, Mind, Body and Estate men, Orxioneers, Musick Dealers,

U. S. Assay Bullion Silver ore inspectors, Provision Warehousemen, Piano-Forte Agents, Custom House Collectors, Fisishions, Tooth-dentists, Judges, Kernals, Majors, Captains, Masonic Embroiderers, Claim Soldiers agents, Recorders, Furniture Dealers, *et al genius omnibus*; and they all 'ponied up' like trumps, until a bel to go on no further, for the munney nearly broke my back, I rushed to BURGONE AND COMPANY'S, the big bankers, and got a Sirtiffikate of Disposit for *Two hundred and thirteen dollars*, (\$213,) which I send by this male — Cash. So much for 'Old Knick.'

'Times have grately changed here. Bldings, magnanimous piles thereof, grace the streets; Theatres crammed every night, with the alight and fashion; Bathing houses in profusion at \$1 a barth, kept by your old frend, JOHN SHORT, late of the New-York P. O., (near Italy!) Rich men keeping their Karrages; Hackmen \$5 and \$10 an hour; Boys selling apples at \$3 a piece; Eggs 50 cents a piece; Buckwheat cakes 25 cents a plate; Extra 'Herald' and 'Placer Times,' 25 cents; Steamer newspapers, 25 cents; Washing \$3 a dozen by select Chinamen; Seats in the dress-circle at Mrs. SINCLAIR'S beautiful Theatre, on Madame THILLON'S nights, \$3 each; \$1500 paid Madame THILLON and Mr. HUDSON River as their share the first night of the 'Crown Brilliants;' a \$700 diamond Broach given to Miss HARRING, the Tragedy aktress on her first Benefit; Clerk-hire \$200 to \$250 a month; Chorus singers \$50 a week; Cigars 25 cents a piece; drinks 25 cents a piece; ALEXANDER SMITH'S 'Life Drama' \$5 a copy — hard to get at that; BUNNS' 'Old England and New-England' \$2; 'Home Journal' 25 cents a copy; 'Sunday Mercury' 25 cents a copy — very hard to get, and greatly sought after. Cleaning Watches \$3 each; Winter Boots \$25 a pair; Boot Blacking 25 cents a head; actors and actresses all making money, and investing it in 'CLARK'S Point' Lots. 'Light Comedians,' 'first old men,' 'walking gentlemen' owning horses, and living on 'Ranches;' 'Chambermaids' owning 'Real Estate;' call-boys buying Lots; some men making fortunes by simply 'looking on' and 'watching the markets' by a first-rate cronometer. For the ballance I prefer you to my next Kommunikation, first asking you if you have received The 'Pioneer' magazine!

'Trooly yours,

'JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.'

To our friend's last query, we answer that we *have* received 'The Pioneer,' a monthly magazine of sixty well-printed and well-filled pages, avowedly modelled after the KNICKERBOCKER, both as to matter and manner. The typographical imitation is very close. Success to our young contemporary on the far-distant Pacific shore! May its days be long in the land that cherishes its goings-forth! - - - A FRIEND in Washington has sent us a very curious *Thanksgiving Sermon*, delivered by the Rev. Dr. SMITH, on last Thanksgiving-day, in the Federal City. It is a most singular medley. Such platitudes it is rare to find in a public discourse. Listen:

'A RENDERING of thanks is the act of an intelligent man, who receives a benefit, appreciates the kindness of the giver, and sees the propriety of an acknowledgment of that benefit, as well as of giving a corresponding expression of thanks. This is never done but by intelligent beings, and to none but intelligent beings. It is never done to any of the inferior animals. We never think of returning thanks to animals for what they have done. The PRESIDENT'S Mounted Guard, who are here in splendid uniform, seated among you, know the value of a good horse, but none of them ever *thinks of returning thanks to his horse*. The words of the third chapter of the third epistle of JAMES might be quoted on this occasion. It would be a ludicrous sight for a man to take off his hat to his horse and to thank it, although the same act would be proper toward a gentleman or a lady; and the reason of this is, *because a horse is a horse*, and cannot appreciate any service, however splendidly performed! A thousand blessings be upon our worthy Mayor for affording us this opportunity of offering up our thanks.'

To be sure, Dr. SMITH, a 'horse *is* a horse;' that is an incontrovertible fact. Also, Boston is not in Bengal, nor are flannel drawers made of tripe. Moreover, an ass is an ass, for that matter; but what have all these things to do with a Thanksgiving sermon? In immediate proximity with such stuff

as this, we find a passage or two of more than common force and significance. Take the following, for example :

'Why are we here in our right mind to-day? Why are we not in a mad-house? A gentleman was once visiting an insane asylum, and entered into conversation with a person, one of the inmates, who talked so reasonably upon every subject that the gentleman had no idea that the person with whom he was talking was a madman. Suddenly the latter struck the gentleman a violent blow on the shoulder, and looking him earnestly in the face, but in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his insanity, asked him :

'Did you ever thank God for your reason? — mine has gone!'

'Well, we are here assembled to-day for that purpose, to thank God for continuing to us the exercise of our reason. I remember once an instance of a blind man preaching in this church, and was so struck with the deprivation which he labored under, that at the end of his discourse I proposed that all those who had never thanked God for their eye-sight, should now kneel down and thank Him for it. There was not a single person present, I believe, who did not kneel down on that occasion and do so.'

The 'PRESIDENT'S Mounted Guard' seems to have formed a subject of especial 'thanksgiving.' Doubtless they compose an admirable corps, and do honor to their 'training;' but what kind of a place is a pulpit to puff a military company? But *voilà* :

'In a country and government like ours, we may fight for our existence, but fighting is not our duty. The principle upon which our government rests is that of the BIBLE, of individual responsibility. Among us there are no titles, no hereditary aristocracy to bow down our necks; hence we have no crowned monarch, for the people are sovereigns. It is said that these three boxes rule every where — the cartridge-box, the band-box, and the ballot-box. We believe in all three, but we choose the latter. Our citizen soldiery, of whom we have a specimen here in the PRESIDENT'S Mounted Guard, know how to use all three boxes, and by them we are protected. Our citizen soldiery are our life-guard for every emergency.'

ONE of the rarest treats we have lately enjoyed, was the examination, at WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, Broadway, of HERRING's '*Glimpse at an English Homestead*,' certainly one of the most beautiful and comprehensive works of art in its kind that we remember ever to have seen. This synopsis of the composition, from the '*Liverpool Courier*,' will afford some idea of its characteristics. Its execution is perfect: 'The symmetry of the horses which form the centre-piece is admirable; and it is questionable if HERRING has ever painted any thing finer than the white horse in this picture. His fowls, also — the hen busy with her brood — are life-like in the extreme, while the ducks and the solitary goose attest, by their plumpness and the fineness of their plumage, that the good housewife's care has not been thrown away on this portion of the establishment. The pigeons, resting on the water-bucket, form quite a feature, and arrest the attention of the spectator by their fidelity of delineation. Seated in conscious security on the saddle, reposes a sleek, demure cat; and, on the opposite side, a comely maiden fondles one of a group of rabbits in her arms. Judging from the side-glances of a stout young farm-servant, who is occupied close by, one is led to the conclusion that if she were to transfer some of her attentions from the rabbits, it might be done with his full permission.' The picture of '*Christ Teaching Humility*,' by LANDER, the artist who painted the '*Trial of Effie Deans*,' attracts numerous admirers. Both pictures are to be engraved in the highest style of mezzo-tint, and subscriptions for both works will be received at MESSRS. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS. - - - 'THERE

must be some truth,' writes a Tarrytown correspondent, 'in the phrase, 'It is all the same in Dutch.' The other day I heard a practical illustration of it. Last summer, on a sultry afternoon, a Dutchman entered my brother's store, and asked him if 'he knew where a man named STEPHEN MOSHES lived?' To which he replied, 'that he knew a man named MOSES STEPHEN.' 'Vell, vell,' said the Dutchman, 'it ish all te same in mine countries.' - - - THERE's a man, across the way, taking, with his long iron nippers, from out the tail of his waggon a solid block of the crystal ice of Rockland. Not a very suggestive thing is a piece of ice, perhaps, but it has recalled vividly to us the visit which we paid, with a pleasant and genial pic-nic party, to Rockland Lake last summer, and of which an imperfect record was made at the time in this department of our Magazine. Alas! of that pleasant party two have gone hence to be here no more; one, a fair and fragile flower, whose sweet smile and winning grace and tenderness can never be forgotten; the other a cordial, generous, loving husband, father, friend:

'THE church-yard shows an added stone,
The fire-side shows a vacant chair.'

The bereaved mother, the disconsolate widow, the fatherless boy—ah! who shall tell their thoughts as Spring comes on, bringing all things else to life but their beloved ones! They may hide their grief from the world, and endeavor, through a love for others, to suppress their sorrow; to check the 'grief that passeth show;' but there, in their heart of hearts, it broods and rankles. The thought of PERCIVAL comes this moment to mind:

'I SAW, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star, that had left the sky,
And fallen asleep on that lonely height.

'I climbed the peak, and found it soon,
A lump of ice, in the clear cold moon:
Would'st thou its hidden sense impart?
'Tis a cheerful lock, and a broken heart!'

A 'Flat-Footed Candidate' for Justice of the Peace in Palestine, Texas, comes out in the journals with the following address to 'the sovereigns': 'With the issuance of this sheet, is unfurled to the breeze, either in tempest or calm, my name before you as a candidate for the office of Chief Justice of Anderson county, at the ensuing August election. I do it from choice, not from solicitation. I do it, for the office is honorable and profitable. I feel myself competent to discharge the duties of the office. I claim no superior merit or qualification over any one else who may choose to run against me. I would like to run the race solitary and alone; but, if any are desirous, let them pitch in; it is n't deep. I stand flat-footed, square-toed, hump-shouldered, upon the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you elect me your Chief Justice, I will make the very welkin ring with loud huzzas for the sovereigns of Anderson county! If defeated, I will retire with dignity and perfect good-humor, remembering a most beautiful little song, which I sing remarkably well, called 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat.' - - - 'At a trial or murder in Waukesha, Wisconsin, a witness on the stand, giving in his

testimony as to when and where his line of boats run, and at what times, between Milwaukee, Chicago, Sheyboygan, etc., one of the Jury asked him what time the boat left for Sheyboygan; when the Judge asked the jurymen his object for asking the question. He replied that he wanted to go to Sheyboygan in a few days, and thought it a good opportunity to find out! 'There was a 'model juror' for you! - - - 'OLD TOM YOUNG' writes to ask us if we ever saw a dead live-oak, or a green black-berry? Certainly; and what is more, we heard a man say, the other day, pointing to another over the way, who exhibited symptoms of having indulged in 'strong waters,' 'BLACK, BROWN is 'blue!'' - - - The following letter was recently addressed to Mr. FREDERICK S. COZZENS, author of that charming volume, '*Prismatics*':

'FRED'K S. COZZENS, Esq.:

'New York, February 14, 1854.

'DEAR SIR: If it should be convenient for you, will you repeat in this city, the lecture upon 'American Poetry,' recently delivered by you before the Lyceum at Yonkers, in Westchester?

'The subject and its treatment, in your most entertaining and instructive lecture, have induced the present request, and, in common with your many friends and associates, we shall be most happy to receive an affirmative answer to this proposition.

'An early answer will oblige your friends,

'G. C. VERPLANCK,
J. H. GOURLIE,
F. F. MARBURY,
WILLIAM KEMBLE,
EDW. SLOSSON,
J. F. KENSETT,
H. L. PIERSON,
CHAS. M. LEUPP,

JAS. C. PARKER,
JNO. PRIESTLEY,
GEO. G. SMITH,
G. M. SPEIR,
DAN'L S. APPLETON,
L. GAYLORD CLARK,
JAS. A. SUYDAM,
E. M. YOUNG.'

The invitation was accepted, and the lecture was delivered at Hope Chapel, before a large and highly discriminative audience. Mr. Cozzens divided his subject into three parts; treating ably and in detail, of colonial, revolutionary, and modern American poetry. The lecturer's manner was composed and effective, and his performance in other and perhaps more important respects, won the frequent applause of the audience. We are not without the hope to be able to present a few extracts from the lecture in a subsequent number of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - A SUPERB dinner-service of plate (consisting of thirty-five pieces) was recently presented to ABRAM M. COZZENS, Esq., by a number of his friends and fellow-citizens. The letter which accompanied this costly and beautiful present was signed by WILLIAM C. BRYANT, GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, WILLIAM KEMBLE, CHARLES M. LEUPP, and others. The compliment is highly honorable to Mr. Cozzens, being 'well deserved and well bestowed.' - - - 'ON making an accurate measurement of all the matter in type, I find that we have enough of copy in hand to complete the number; so that I shall not require all you have prepared; I return, therefore, what we shall not want.' So writes the 'foreman' of the KNICKERBOCKER from the printing-office this sixteenth day of March, in a note accompanying a parcel of copy, embracing several pages of 'Gossip,' all our 'Little People's Side-Table,' and 'Brief Notices of New Publications.' As our large edition for California must go by the steamer of the twentieth, we can only submit, 'with such grace as we may,' and 'bide our time' until next month.